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WHAT THE ÆOLIAN HARP SANG TO THE WIND.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Wave over me, thou Wind!
Wave over me thy swiftly glancing wings!
Thou wak'st the harmony of willing strings,
And a deep, quiet heart within me sings,
Rejoicingly, thou Wind!

Within the room apart,
My lady sits, her finger in her book;
I fear the frigid anguish of her look—
Wave! that my voice may thaw the frozen brook
Of love within her heart.

Wave! that the drops may spring,
The bright, large tear-drops, in her burning eyes;
Wave! that her breast may heave with woman-sighs,
And when my storm of music, languid, dies,
She will upstart and sing.

Surge over me, thou Breeze!
Sway my deep chords with thy untutored fingers;
I love the dewy eloquence which lingers
Upon thy touch, sad, like the Minnesingers,
I chaunt of birds and trees;

Of fields and running streams,
Of mossy stones and walls where lichens grow,
Of still, white cottages with palings low;
And all things beautiful that men can know,
Or image in their dreams!

Wave over me, thou Wind!
Now loud, now low—now martial, now serene;
The moon goes up the sky, like some pale queen
Upon her death-night, and the stars between
Quake 'neath her glance, oh, Wind!

And while upon my strings,
I catch the radiance of her downward look,
Which silvers field and wall and running brook,
Oh, Wind! coquetting with my lady's book,
Wave over me thy wings!

THE HOSTILE MEETING.

VIOLET;

OR,

THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE.

BY PIERCE EGAN.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XVII.

The sudden blast of wintry wind which created so wild and deafening a clangor as it swept fiercely through the antique gallery, committing havoc on rusty hauberks, surcoats, and mouldering banners, seemed to have expended its fury when it hurled to the ground the portrait of the bad Baron of Kingswood.

With the uproar of the falling picture the gust died away in one long, mournful moan, which the arched roof echoed again and again.

In a paroxysm of mortal fright, Pharisee fled, and Lord Kingswood was left alone with his senseless wife and unacknowledged son.

In horror, as in amazement, each stood regarding the other, until a dead and almost awful stillness prevailed in the old gallery once more.

Erle was the first to recover himself, and he advanced towards Lord Kingswood, as if to assist in the recovery of Lady Kingswood, but his lordship motioned him away with vehement gestures.

"Stand back!" he cried, with angry fury. "Thou art here as a curse to me! I summoned you not, but you appear as a destroying spirit, come to crush my peace and annihilate my hopes. Go—leave me! Away! quit Kingswood forever! I will dare all, endure the worst realization of my wildest apprehensions, rather than continue to submit to the torture of thy accursed presence. Go, wretch! a lifetime cannot repay the evil you have already wrought here!"

Erle felt, as he listened to this intemperate burst from Lord Kingswood, as if every word had stabbed him. Wonder, pride and haughty resentment struggled with a desire to preserve a show of respect to the rank and position of Lord Kingswood as the head of the House of Kingswood. Nevertheless, it was impossible for him to conceal the agony which this indignity inflicted upon him, and even Lord Kingswood, excited as he was, almost cowered beneath the gleam of indignant wrath that flashed from Erle's glittering eyes.

The youth, with a strong effort of the will, however, controlled his bitter anger, and with a mien of dignified loftiness, he said—

"I go, my lord, at your bidding; yours the responsibility, not mine."

He strode towards the door, and moved by an irresistible influence, he turned and faced Lord Kingswood, who had watched him walk away with something of the same demeanor he would have gazed at the slow evanishment of a spectre.

He extended his hand pointedly to Lord Kingswood.

"*A higher power than yours directs my future,*" *he exclaimed; and raising his voice,* he added, emphatically, "my lord, we shall meet again!"

"*We shall meet again,*" was re-echoed through the gallery, it seemed by another voice; but without heeding it, because it seemed to him that the vaulted roof had flung back his words, he departed, and hastened to his own chamber, leaving Lord Kingswood alone still supporting the lifeless form of Lady Kingswood.

He flung himself upon a seat with the purpose of allaying, as far as he could, his irritated and perturbed feelings before he determined upon the direction he should pursue on leaving Kingswood.

Goaded almost to madness as he had been by the stinging words of Lord Kingswood, he still did not intend to be so unwise as to act with precipitate recklessness. Remain beneath the roof which then sheltered him longer than imperative necessity compelled him, he would not. But where to go?

He had the address of Ishmael Malpas, but he recoiled from making any use of it. Ishmael might, as he had declared himself to be, prove a friend, yet not in the sense in which he interpreted the word. During his past life he certainly had educated, clothed, and kept him, but had never visited him. He had placed him beneath the roof of Kingswood Hall, but upon what terms?

His forehead burned and his cheeks tingled as he recalled Lord Kingswood's latest words.

No; he decided that he would not seek Ishmael, but fight his own way in the world, with no other aid than his head, his good right arm, and a stout heart.

Still, with a burning flush upon his forehead, he thought of the mystery which surrounded his birth.

"Better let it remain to me a mystery," he said, with a burst of emotion, "than I should have to hear that, every word of which would contract and petrify my heart until it became a deadened mass of stone."

And thus he sat and pondered. One charm alone had bound him to Kingswood, and that had been rudely dissipated; what mattered it to him where, henceforward, he wandered?

It occurred then to him that Lord Kingswood's valet, Pharisee, had spoken to him of London, and he remembered that he had heard strange stories respecting the mighty city; how humble boys had risen to mighty wealth; how a village boy of wild, irregular habits, had won India for England; how equally humble youths had commanded fleets and vast armies, leading them to great victories, by which they were themselves immortalized.

A glow of enthusiasm pervaded his frame, and lighted up his eloquent eyes.

"Thither will I go," he cried, earnestly. "The prize of fame and honor will not be denied to him who zealously, ardently, and unceasingly seeks to win it."

Within an hour from that time he had packed his valise, and had despatched it by one of the men working in the grounds, to the railway-station, situated a few miles distant, there to await him.

"A few hours," he soliloquised, "and I shall be far from all who have known me, and among strangers, caring less for me even than those I have parted with. So be it. I bear with me at least a memory they cannot rob me of."

He drew from his breast the flowers and the glove he had found in the library, and he pressed them to his lips.

[illegible] harsh laugh grated upon his ear, and raising his moistened eyes, he beheld Philip Avon standing in the doorway.

"Love tokens, by all that is namby-pamby!" exclaimed his unwelcome visitor, scornfully. "Pray from what pretty fool did you purloin them?"

Erle rose up, and sternly regarding Philip, restored the flowers and glove whence he had taken them.

"I am told that you are a descendant from an old family. I do not believe it. A gentleman, I am sure you are not; a boor's changeling doubtless you are. You could not otherwise be so obtusely ignorant of the commonest courtesies of life."

"Dog!" ejaculated Philip Avon, fiercely, advancing towards him.

Erle raised his hand to put him back.

"Remain where you are," he said, disdainfully. "This is not the spot at which you appointed to meet me: this floor is not the ground on which to settle the hostility of which you have spoken, unless you desire to raise suspicions you profess to desire to avoid."

An oath intemperately escaped Philip's lips, and he clenched his hands as though he designed to strike Erle to the earth. The latter, however, only regarded him with more contempt than before, and continued, in a tone of voice which made Philip writhe with torture—

"I kept the appointment you made. I wandered about the deserted glade morning after morning, from dawn until long after the sun had topped the trees, but, as I might have expected, the solitude was disturbed by my own step alone."

"Illness kept me confined, raging within my chamber," champed Philip, furiously. "Your lordship the ground like a pigeon of the woods, which flies at a footstep from the spot on which it has been strutting."

Erle's lip curled yet more scornfully.

"I was pacing on the appointed spot this morning at dawn; and you—you are well enough to parade here like a mason, less his courage."

"Now—now this moment, we can adjourn to the Chace," exclaimed Philip, foaming at the lips.

"No," replied Erle, coldly, "I am not anxious to raise suspicions; too many of the household are about. To-morrow, at dawn, I will be at the place named, and alone."

With a chuckling growl of vindictive hate, Philip rejoined—

"Oh, but I will be awaiting you to-morrow at dawn, in Kingswood Chace."

"To-morrow, at dawn," repeated Erle.

With a triumphant fire in his black eyes, and a scowl of hatred on his brow, Philip, waving his hand with a contemptuous gesture, hurried from the apartment.

But for the morning's engagement, Erle would have taken his departure from Kingswood too; as it was, he flung himself again in his chair to remain beneath the now hated roof yet a few hours longer.

He had an impulsive wish to pay Cyril a visit, to say a few words to him ere they part-ed for ever, for he liked him notwithstanding his first unfavorable impression, but he restrained the inclination for fear he would put some question to him concerning Philip Avon, which he might find it difficult to answer.

[illegible] sank down behind the distant hills, with the sad feeling that upon its rising its ruddy beams might either tint his lifeless limbs in their last repose upon the green turf in the Chace, or his retreating form, as he made his way towards the haunts of men, the most friendless stranger among the homeless and the outcast.

In the grey dusk he sat, his thoughts wandering from his earliest childhood, through his boyish tasks, struggles, few pleasures, even down to his meeting with Lady Maud; there they rested and nestled.

Should he not write a word to her? No. He had written all he cared, or indeed, he could say, upon the margin of that leaf, upon which he felt sure she would again cast her sweet, tender eyes. What more could he say? He loved her, and he prayed her kind remembrance of him. That remembrance would hang over his forest grave, if he fell like a wreath of immortelles above the tomb of one beloved, or it would shine before him, if he lived, as a lode-star leading him on to high and ennobling actions.

Wearied out by excitement and overwrought reflections, he sunk into a fitful, disturbed slumber, from which he started to find Lord Kingswood's valet, Pharisee, bending over him, scrutinising, with strange eagerness, every feature of his face.

He rose up, and Pharisee fell back, assuming a respectful attitude. Erle eyed him for a minute curiously, and then said, with evident surprise—

"Why do you visit me at this late hour, Pharisee?"

"For more than one reason, Mr. Gower," returned the man, with an obsequious air and a sidelong glance at Erle. "I must request your pardon if I appear obtrusive and officious; it is not my design to be either, yet I feel that the step I have taken, and the observations I may make, may wear that complexion. I entreat you not to misconceive me. I have enjoyed the confidence of Lord Kingswood for many, many years, and that of her ladyship also—that is, partly—partly, Mr. Gower—for Lady Kingswood is of that sex which delights in reservations. I honor and respect both, but I honor and respect you, too, Mr. Gower."

Erle's lip curled.

"Respect and honor me," he said, bitterly. "I am an unknown, a creature to be placed in unfrequented chambers, to be located in sequestered quarters, to have prescribed limits set down for the controlment of my wanderings, to move in a circle whose point of contact at any part comes not in collision with the revolutions of my Lord of Kingswood's sphere. *Honor* me! for what man am I?"

"A secret," interposed Pharisee, in a sharp, sibilant tone. "A secret, Mr. Gower. Pardon me for the observation. It is not a suggestion of my own, but the spontaneous presumption of the whole household. A secret which they believe you can reveal if you will. I, however, I—" He paused, glanced furtively at Erle, and then made a figure with the point of his foot upon the carpet.

"Proceed," exclaimed Erle, impatiently.

"I do not believe that you are able to make, if you feel so disposed, this revelation."

"Wherefore?" inquired Erle, haughtily.

"Excuse me," replied the valet, with a slow inclination of the head, "[illegible] more explicit on this head."

"Some day," echoed Erle, bitterly, "still the same story."

Pharisee looked steadfastly into Erle's eyes, but with a sinister glance, nevertheless.

"Be assured, sir, of one thing," he exclaimed, with a marked and peculiar emphasis; "there is one fact which cannot be kept secret from those who have eyes in their heads, and brains in their skulls; you are a Kingswood!"

Erle started, and turned a wild, eager, and unsettled look upon Pharisee. A rush of thought raced through his mind. He remembered, vividly, at this moment, Lady Kingswood's emphatic question to her husband in the ancient portrait gallery. He recalled Ishmael's strange observations respecting the claim he had to be received beneath the roof which now covered him, and that it was a duty he owed to another to enforce that claim; with a hazy remembrance of dreams with which he had been visited while sleeping in the old portion of the building. His face and lips became of the hue of marble. He stood motionless as a statue, and involuntarily murmured—

"The heir of the race, by God's holy grace,
Shall solve the wonder of Kingswood Chace!"

"Ah! Mr. Gower, there lies the difficulty!" exclaimed Pharisee, shrugging his shoulders. "*What* is the wonder of Kingswood Chace? Nobody knows. The present Lord Kingswood became Lord Kingswood after his father's death. He was the heir of the race; he has never solved the mysterious riddle, nor his father before him. His father, by-the-by, like all the heirs of this barony, since *the* bad baron, lived unhappily and died miserably."

"A Kingswood!" ejaculated Erle, not seeming to heed what he said. "A Kingswood. I a Kingswood?"

"A veritable Kingswood, I'll be sworn," responded Pharisee.

Erle pressed his hand upon his forehead. If he truly were a Kingswood, in what relation did he stand to Lord and Lady Kingswood and their son?

A hot flush of scarlet scorched his brow; a quiver of intense agony wrung his heart; a suffocating emotion almost rendered his voice inarticulate as he asked:—

"Has Lord Kingswood been twice married?"

"I do not—nay, the world knows not that," returned Pharisee, musingly, as if a new suspicion arose in his brain; "but," he added, "I do not believe it, though difficult it would be, impossible to ascertain that fact. If it pleases you, I will make the necessary inquiries, and acquaint you with the result."

Erle pressed his clenched fist upon his chest—

"It is a point upon which I greatly wish for information," he rejoined, rather as if soliloquising than replying to Pharisee's offer.

"You may rely upon me," returned the valet, with a promptness, the celerity of which was a little remarkable; and he added, with some volubility—"Indeed, Mr. Gower, the object of my visit to you has some connection with an inquiry of this kind. To tell you the truth, sir, you are at this moment, if not the Wonder of Kingswood Chace, the Wonder of Kingswood. Every guest visiting here recently has betrayed an extraordinary desire to know *who* you are. They talk, they question, they surmise, until Lord Kingswood is flung into a paroxysm of frenzy, by the notice you have excited. His lordship's design, therefore, in order that his life may sail down the unruffled channel it has hitherto pursued as smoothly as before, was to keep you a prisoner in the unfrequented part of the household, and confine your rambles to the unvisited portions of the Chace. Circumstances have altered this intention—"

"What circumstances?" inquired Erle, sternly.

"Well, Lady Kingswood's uneasiness respecting you," he replied. "Lady Kingswood is yet comparatively young; she is exceedingly handsome; looks younger by much than she is. She is a lady one might love burningly—passionately—madly live—"

"Fellow! are you mad?" cried Erle, in a loud, fierce tone.

Pharisee's features seemed to congeal and turn blue.

"I—I—I—I—I beg a thousand pardons," he stammered—"a million pardons, for my exaggerated expressions—a—a—a—what I sought to convey was that Lady Kingswood's jealousy of Lord Kingswood might lead her to imagine many erroneous things. His lordship, quite aware of this fact, has determined to make such alteration in his designs respecting you, as to resolve to remove you from England to some far place where the climate would work a fatal result with more certainty than even knife or poison."

"I will not hear such villainous suggestions respecting his lordship from any lips—especially from yours. Leave me instantly. I will not further listen to you," cried Erle, angrily.

"I was fearful that you would misconceive me, Mr. Gower," observed Pharisee, deprecatingly. "I do not, I beg you expressly to understand, even by implication intend to assert that Lord Kingswood would dream of employing such horrible weapons to remove you from life, but I do assert that he is very anxious to be relieved from your presence."

"I know that," Erle replied, gloomily.

"I came here, therefore, to counsel you to take the first step," he continued, "to remove yourself—say to London—that is the place. Within its vast recesses and extensive districts, you may remain, if you please, concealed, or you may, in its open and high places, show yourself at will. There you may dictate terms to his lordship; here, you would have to accept them. There, free and untrammelled, you can live as you choose, and roam where your fancy leads you, indulging in gaieties and pleasures of all kinds, for which, if needful, I will advance the money—"

Erle frowned, and with an imperious gesture, said, indignantly—

"Leave me. I have heard too much. Begone!"

"You misapprehend me, Mr. Gower," urged Pharisee, adopting a humble, obsequious manner.

"Do not misapprehend me," returned Erle, haughtily. "If you do not this instant quit me, I will fling you out of my chamber. The fault was mine to listen to you, or I would do so now. Do not tempt me. Go!"

There was no possibility of "misapprehending" Erle's earnestness or his intention to keep his promise. Pharisee, therefore, shrugged his shoulders, bowed humbly, and retired, saying,

"I did all for the best. You will appreciate my motives some day, Mr. Gower."

He closed the door behind him, and he bit his colorless lips when alone, until the blood almost came.

"Aye," he muttered, "you shall know me better—you shall some day appreciate my motives, when I have more thoroughly gauged your nature, and I know how to work upon it to revenge your insult, boy. Base born, I will swear, and will prove at the moment when, crushing you, it crowns my fortune."

With noiseless steps he slunk away, leaving behind him the lamp which he had brought with him.

Leaving behind him, too, the fruitful source of distracting thoughts to Erle, who flung himself upon his couch, a prey to reflections and conjectures of a character almost maddening to him.

He tossed and rolled wildly, until unable to endure the torture of mind he was suffering, he resolved to pass the remainder of the interval between then and his approaching meeting with Philip Avon in the cold air and black tree-shadows of the Chace.

He arose, threw a broad cloak around his shoulders, caught up the lamp, and without casting a glance even round his apartment, he stepped lightly out into the corridor, made his way to that part of the building where he had previously obtained egress to the Chace, and with the key he yet retained, unlocked the door leading to the flight of old stone steps.

He descended them, gazing, by the aid of the lamp, upon the ancient crumbling stone walls which he had not before the opportunity of observing, and at length reached a door, situated, he was sure, far above the depth to which he had formerly descended.

He applied the key he possessed to the lock, and the door opened readily. A blast of night air blue out his lamp, but he saw stars twinkling above him, and the sky, grey with the light of a crescent moon, slowly descending from the meridian towards the horizon.

This, then, was the door by which it was originally intended he should make his way from the rear of the building to the Chace; the one he had pursued was therefore a secret entrance, which he had discovered by accident.

He thought little of this; it was easy to conjecture that it had been formed in early and troublous times, when such precautionary modes of egress or approach were important to safety. Fastening the door, he stepped out upon the grassy sward which extended in this part up to the very walls. The building threw a deep shadow upon the turf, extending for some distance, and to the limits of this shadow he proceeded, and then turned his face towards the building.

It uprose against the sky a solid but straggling mass, here castellated with turrets and battlements, there with pointed roof and pinnacled crests of an ecclesiastical character, and anon tall, square, and compact, fringed with abutments, and overlooked by a campanile tower, from the sharply defined edge of whose dark, square, soaring form, appeared a portion of the diminished disc of the moon.

He stood with folded arms, and gazed upon it long and earnestly. Many strange thoughts passed through his mind, mingled with hopes, aspirations, and even simple wishes. The sombre, silent, and solemn aspect of the building, which seemed to him to have contumeliously ejected him, gave the very saddest and most painful turn to his contemplations; and the remembrance, that a few short hours would find him in the throes of a mortal struggle, tended to lighten but little his heavy dejection.

"Farewell, Kingswood!" he exclaimed, in a low and mournful tone. "It must be long ere again I look upon your tall turrets or tread your proud halls. It may be that I now look my last. I could have parted from you without a sigh. I could have turned my back upon you with a smile of scorn, but that you hold encased the fairest, gentlest, loveliest creature the breath of Heaven ever called into being. Yes; I could have quitted you with high disdain, but that within your walls I leave all that I have ever loved. Oh! Lady Maud—sweet, pure, innocent as beautiful—I cannot leave thee without a sharp pang of agony—I cannot tear myself from the spot wherein you dwell a star in the cold, gloomy shade of haughty exclusiveness, and not feel the full bitterness of my utter desolation."

For a moment his emotion choked him, but conquering it, he added, as he outspread his arms—

"Farewell, Maud, farewell! The Great Being who looks down upon me standing here, lonely and isolated from all the living world but you—and you, save in thought—sees my heart, and He knows that in its unstained depths you reign queen, sovereign, and supreme. That if I am spared in the coming encounter with a vindictive and merciless foe, there shall you still reign, your dominion unshared by other created being, or invaded by crime or any meaner vices; for I will thrust myself out of life, rather than be guilty of an ignoble act which, by association, should shame the unstained integrity of the kingdom you rule and shall ever rule over. I go to my banishment—I go with a full, proud, but a sad heart. O Maud! one thought of me when surrounded by the gay and happy—one thought whilst circling with the joyous throngs in brilliant, gilded saloons—one thought in the deep quiet of night in your silent chamber, while I keep my lonely vigil with earnest eyes turned to that fair star in the unclouded expanse of heaven, most nearly in my vision, representing your bright loveliness and lustrous purity. I ask but that, and the cares, the dangers, the hardships, and trammels of toil, the bitterness of isolation, will set lightly upon the spirit whose only aspiration now is to greet with hopeful yearning the time when in the Better Land—perhaps, for me, not afar—my shade may meet thy gentle spirit on fair terms of equal love and bliss unclouded. Farewell, Maud, dearest one, and only beloved. May the blessings of a smiling heaven be strewn as flowers in thy life-path. May thy gentle heart never, never know the cruel misery and the deadly anguish which now crushes mine. Farewell!"

He sunk upon his knees, and clasped his hands fervently as he offered up to heaven this orison; and when he had completed it, sprung to his feet, turned his back upon the hall, and set his face to the dark and seemingly intricate mass of trees, whose boughs and branches, though shorn of leaves, yet screened from observation that secluded part of the old Chace where he had engaged to meet, for a passage of deadly strife, his malignant foe and rival, Philip Avon.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The solemn stillness of the night, unbroken save by the mournful rustling of the skeleton branches as the bleak, wintry wind forced its slow way through the complicated reticulation of twigs and tapering boughs, the grim loneliness, and the black solitude of the forest depths, the sepulchral ghastliness of the untenanted glades, suited only too harmoniously with the deep melancholy which hung over his brow like a heavy crown of dismal cypress.

Even had he not the motive and the wish to meet Philip Avon in mortal combat, he would have preferred to wander thus in the silent night, than to have tossed restlessly and miserably upon a sleepless couch, beneath the roof he had just quitted, with the expectation of returning to it never more.

Unheeding whither his dull feet bore him, he wandered on, impatient only when not thinking of Lady Maud, for the coming dawn.

He paused on the bank of the small stream, here and there silvered by moonbeams, which ran murmuring and gurgling a low, soft chant, as it pursued its sinuous way through the wood.

Paused, because, at a short distance from him, he beheld, with amazement, the figure of a female, seated in an attitude of deep despondency.

She sat motionless as a statue, and in the partial obscurity of the night, seemed more like an apparition than a living, breathing creature.

Erle had already, since his arrival at Kingswood Hall, been sufficiently surrounded by the mysterious to shake his disbelief of the supernatural, but neither his courage nor his spirit of inquiry into the truth of the existence of things immaterial were so affected as to make him shrink from so remarkable a vision as now presented itself to him.

At first he imagined that his eyes were deluded by some fantastic, wreathing vapor, but a few paces taken softly and noiselessly, and he found himself undeceived.

He recognized in the immoveable, but evidently sadly despairing being, the Wonder of Kingswood Chace!

His movement betrayed his presence to her. She rose up with a sudden cry of joy, and advanced with a hurried step to him, exclaiming, in a tone of exulting pleasure—

"Cyril! oh, my Cyril."

As suddenly as she sprung forward she halted, and a faint moan of disappointment escaped her lips, for she perceived that the sole possessor of her thoughts was not he who had intruded upon her solitude.

With a hesitating, faltering step, she would have retired, but Erle stayed her by a gesture of his hand.

"Fear me not," he exclaimed, in a soft, low tone. "I have not the will, if I had the power, to harm you; and I am desirous of interchanging a few words with you."

She gazed with sad eyes upon him for a moment, then she turned her gaze about her as if to look whether any other person were near. Apparently satisfied that they were alone, she turned her face, so wondrously beautiful, especially in the silver-grey light of the moonbeams, and said, in an earnest voice—

"You saved Cyril Kingswood."

"It is of him I would speak to you," returned Erle, approaching her until he stood by her side.

She turned her full eyes upon him.

"Speak!" she exclaimed.

"You know him," he said, looking fixedly at her.

"I know him!" she replied, dropping her eyes to the greensward.

"You have known him long, perhaps!"

"From childhood," she replied, still with a downcast look and a rising blush, which did not, even in the moonlight, remain unconcealed.

"You have been friends even for so long a time?" he said, with a marked enunciation.

"We have been friends so long," she replied, with an embarrassed accent.

"Not rude nor impertinently inquisitive think me if I pursue this inquiry," continued Erle, speaking in gentle tones. "Our meeting is in itself singular, your position is strange and remarkable, and the incidents attendant upon the last visit Cyril Kingswood paid to the Chace, are of so mysterious a character, that I cannot forbear questioning you, though I do not expect you to reply to me if you feel any reluctance, or my queries prove of an objectionable character."

"Speak," she returned, "I am bound to answer."

"Bound!" he echoed, with surprise; "why bound to answer me?"

"You saved the life of Cyril Kingswood," she replied, in earnest tones.

"For that I have no claim on your gratitude. I knew you not when I raised my hand to save him from a dastardly blow," rejoined Erle.

"There is yet another reason," she exclaimed, as, raising her eyes to his face, she timidly scrutinized his features.

"Name it," said Erle, laconically.

"You exactly resemble the Wonder of Kingswood Chace," she replied, rather tremulously.

"The Wonder of Kingswood Chace!" he repeated, with much surprise. "I thought *you* were the Wonder of Kingswood Chace."

She shook her head.

"In the old hunting-lodge there hangs a picture," she rejoined, speaking with a strange awe. "It is the portrait of a lord, anciently a baron of these domains. He brought upon his house a doom. His spectre wanders in the Chace, and he is called the Wonder of Kingswood Chace. You exactly resemble the picture."

She shrunk back a step or two, and with a violent shudder convulsing her frame, she murmured—

"You may be he?"

Again this allusion to his resemblance to the bad Baron of Kingswood.

A strange thrill passed through Erle as the several occasions upon which this coincidence had been forced upon his notice flashed through his brain. It was, however, but a passing emotion.

"I am not he, but a living, breathing creature like yourself, save that I have neither kith nor kin, nor friend in the wide world."

"Cyril," she exclaimed, with emphasis.

"He might have been," he answered, musingly and sadly, "he can be nothing to me now."

She gazed earnestly at him, struck by the desolate tone of his voice.

"I, too, am lone and friendless," she exclaimed, mournfully.

"Cyril!" he ejaculated, with a faint smile.

"He must be nothing to me now," she returned, in a voice equally despondent with his own.

"Tell me," said Erle, abruptly, "do your friends know of the intimacy between Cyril Kingswood and yourself?"

"Friends!" she echoed, in a sarcastic tone, and then added, mournfully, "Do not urge that question, I cannot answer it."

"Listen to me," said Erle, gravely and earnestly, "Cyril Kingswood, ere yon moon was at the full, came hither to meet you that night, I found him not far from hence, lifeless, in the hands of the ruffian, Tubal Kish."

"Lifeless?" repeated the maiden, in accents of terror.

"He was bleeding from a blow on the temple. Tubal Kish's hand struck the blow. Say, was he instigated to this foul deed by your friends?"

"My friends?" she ejaculated, almost incoherently. "No, oh, no. Why should he wish harm to Cyril?"

"You are a forest maiden, simple, perhaps humble; he is the son of a lord. Your brothers—your parents—may believe that he has evil designs upon your happiness, and have taken this mode of separating you," suggested Erle.

The maiden wrung her hands in grief.

"I have no brothers—no parents. I have no friend but Ishmael," she exclaimed.

Erle started. He caught her by the wrist.

"But who?" he inquired, in an astonished voice.

"Ishmael," she replied, "and he is cold and stern, and hates Cyril. Oh, Cyril is good, and gentle, and truthful, and would not wrong or injure me. Why should he? He is the son of a lord, therefore he should be the more noble and virtuous. Yet Ishmael tore us asunder, and has forbidden me again to speak with him. Since he parted us, he has kept me confined to my room in the hunting lodge, in order that I might not again see him. To-morrow we are to leave the Chace for ever, to go I know not whither, but I could not part from the scenes of my brief happiness without one last, fond gaze. So I stole forth in the silence of the night to revisit those spots where I have wandered with Cyril—where never more we shall together roam. I did not think to meet with—with anyone who would bear my last farewell to him. You, sir, perhaps—"

"I shall not see him again," interposed Erle, emphatically.

The maiden looked into his face, she became as pale as death, she trembled violently.

"You—you said that Tubal Kish had struck him down," she gasped. "You do not—you cannot mean that he—that he—killed him?"

She sank upon her knees, half fainting, and clasped him by the arms.

"No—no—no," he replied rapidly, "he lives, he is well. Rise and compose yourself, I pray you. Tell me—of Ishmael, I—"

She sprung to her feet, and clutching his hand, she murmured,

"Hush—hush, some one approaches."

Out of a brake on the opposite bank of the stream there appeared a dark object, moving like some unwieldly animal. It rose up and stared steadfastly at both.

It was Tubal Kish.

He paused at the pair as they stood in the pale moonbeams hand in hand. A wild, guttural cry escaped him, and while his body rocking to and fro, he chanted, in a low, hoarse, harsh voice—

"When the spectre of the race
And the Maiden of the Chace
Shall within the forest stand,
Side by side, hand clasped in hand,
Then the curse upon the race
Shall its fatal steps retrace:
And the blight upon the fame,
And the blot upon the name,
Shall a mortal hand efface;
And by God's most holy grace
Then the dawning shall be nigh."

Erle, who supposed that by chanting this doggrel, the ruffian was half frenzied by drink, raised his hand menacingly to him, with the intent of warning him not to cross the stream, but, ere he could utter a word, the fellow, with a wild howl of fright, plunged into a brake, and, crushing through the boughs and branches, disappeared with frantic haste.

Erle watched for a minute the direction he had taken, and, when satisfied that he had really made off, placing as wide an interval between himself and the neighborhood as he could, he turned to his young and beautiful companion.

She was gone!

Amazed, he made a hurried survey of the places near to him. He searched among the trees, looked down the alleys and winding avenues running in every direction, but she was nowhere visible.

Not that he was surprised at this, for it was not difficult in such an entanglement of coppice and thicket to escape observation, with the advantage of a minute's flight. But he was astonished that she should fly from him so abruptly, without a word, at a moment, too, when he supposed she would have clung to him for protection from the ruffian Tubal Kish.

He was vexed, too, that she should have left him without some explanation concerning Ishmael.

He was strangely perplexed at the mention of this name. It was not a common one. The forest maiden, too, had said that he was a stern, cold man, and what was more curious still, she had said that he had no parents, no relative, no friend, but Ishmael. Why, that was his case. The coincidence was singular. Then, too, the rhymes uttered by Tubal Kish. He had evidently not improvised them, and there was a meaning in the words not confined to their jingle, for had not Tubal, on a former occasion, styled him the spectre of the Chace? had not the gamekeeper spoken of the maiden who had just left him as the Wonder of Kingswood Chace? and were they not standing hand in hand when Tubal Kish suddenly appeared?

Were these intimations supernaturally mysterious that he—he was a Kingswood!

His face burned fiercely, and he bit his lips until the blood came, and then he became cold and white.

If he were truly a Kingswood, why was his birth a secret? Was the brand of moral shame upon his brow?

He groaned. He longed for the dawn, yet an hour or so and the shame, if such there was clinging to his birth, might be washed out by his own blood.

Before the first gray streak of dawn followed the setting of the moon, he took up his station beneath an aged oak, near to the appointed spot.

A stream of gray, vapory clouds swept across the sky as the crescented moon declined to the horizon, and a chill, nipping morning air heralded the approaching dawn.

Still and motionless did Erle lean against the green, mossy trunk of the old tree, and as the first faint streak of pale, cold light appeared above the tree-tops in the east, he saw Philip Avon glide into the glade.

His form was shrouded in a cloak, and a broad-rimmed felt hat was slouched down upon his brows. He gazed furtively about him as he advanced, but without discovering Erle, and halted beneath a tree some few paces short of that beneath which Erle stood.

From beneath his cloak he produced a couple of swords and a pistol case, he laid them upon the grass, and after another brief survey, he unlocked the case of pistols, and took out one, which he examined, and then, to Erle's surprise, he glided behind the trunk of the tree near to which he stood, and levelled the pistol in the direction in which he might be expected to appear.

With knitted brows Erle stepped lightly up to him, and heard him mutter,

"A bullet from this cover would reach him ere his eye caught sight of the flash. I could plant it in his head or heart to a certainty, and who would know that mine was the hand that brought the goshawk down?"

"Heaven!" exclaimed Erle, pressing his hand upon his shoulder.

With an oath, Philip sprung a dozen feet aside, and then turned a ghastly face upon the youth, who stood calmly confronting him.

"Murder would hardly sit well on the right hand of the heir of Hawksbury," said Erle, in clear, cold tones. "It is true that you informed me in your courteous note that you intended to slay or be slain. It seems to me that you have resolved to adopt a course hardly honorable in the son of a baronet and the heir of an ancient family, but, nevertheless, eminently adapted to carry out the first proposition."

The face of Philip Avon became of purple hue.

"I am not conscious that we have met here to bandy courtesies," he said, in a husky voice. "But since you must needs play the eavesdropper, a contemptible part, no doubt to you more natural than assumed, let me remind you that I said I *could* bring down, with a bullet, one whom I hate as he approached this spot from yonder alley, not that I would do so."

"The distinction is subtle enough, and the line as finely drawn as need be," returned Erle. "I ask not for favor, as my cause, hand, much less at yours, but I expect the laws of honor to be respected, even by Philip Avon."

Philip scowled at him with rage and malice.

"It is not my design to seize any mean advantage that may offer," he exclaimed, between his teeth, "but it is not my intention to perform a passage in arms with you as a Frenchman would walk a minuet. I propose to fight you to the death. You have dared to cast an eye on Lady Maud, my betrothed. You have conceived a passion for her—you—an unknown! You! For this, had I met you in different company, I would have slit off your ears, and nailed them to a barn-door. As I encountered you in the halls of a Kingswood, I submit to cross swords with you, but with not the less firm determination to effectually punish your presumption and insolence."

"Cross swords!" ejaculated Erle, with a curling lip. "What! have you chosen the weapons, too? I should have thought that you would have been satisfied with having arranged the result of this meeting to your satisfaction. You forget, sir, that I am the challenged, you the challenger."

"What! do you prefer pistols?" cried Philip Avon, eagerly.

"No," replied Erle, with a sarcastic tone, "your weapon may by accident be discharged *before* mine is loaded. You are nervous and excited. I see that your hand shakes.—I'll not trust it. We will fight with swords."

Philip Avon bit his thin lip sharply. He pointed to the swords which yet lay where he had thrown them.

"Measure them," he said, sharply, "and select your own weapon. Boys talk; my motto is deeds, not words."

"Even though it be murder," said Erle, fixing his clear, large eyes contemptuously upon him.

Philip Avon, with a howl of rage, bade him secure his weapon, and not tempt him to acts of violence he might be disposed hereafter to regret being betrayed into.

With a smile of ineffable scorn, Erle took up one of the swords and tried the temper of its blade. Being satisfied, he withdrew a short distance, and proceeded to remove his coat and vest and his cravat. He then bared his right and left arms to the elbow, and advanced to face Philip Avon.

The latter, who had gone through the same process, was not quite so quick in his movements, and Erle stood thoughtfully leaning upon his sword until he announced himself to be ready.

Philip gave a furtive glance at his pistol-case. A sigh swelled his chest, and a strong regret filled his mind because Erle had chosen swords. He would rather the weapons had been pistols. He would have cared little for a pistol-shot wound, where he thought Erle by luck might have hit him; yet he knew that he could send a bullet in reply through the latter's heart.

He felt a strange misgiving that he had underrated Erle's prowess and courage; he had to counteract this unwelcome doubt by a call upon his boldness such as he had never need to make before.

They stood face to face, saluted, weapon in hand, and for the moment were toe to toe.

The countenances of both, perhaps, were pale, but their eyes, each fixed on the other's were singularly bright, their brows were knitted, and their teeth were set.

At first they went through a series of feints, which were rapidly parried, and were followed by feigns and lunges, each diverted from a fatal aim by a dexterous movement of the wrist.

As they warmed up, the conflict began to grow fiercer. Philip became irritable, and pushed and thrust with increased vigor, endeavoring to bear back Erle who fought with great patience and yet greater coolness, so that he might lose his equilibrium. But he was unsuccessful in this design, and after a rapid passage, he felt, by something warm trickling down his sword arm, that he had been wounded there.

It could be but a scratch, for it pained him little, but it made a strange inroad on his temper. Again and again he pressed on Erle with mad passion, because he found himself foiled in every attempt to hit him, while, after an exhausting passage, he discovered that he had himself been struck in four places, from which the blood was oozing.

He ground his teeth, as, for a moment, he paused, and he said with difficulty, for his mouth was parched and his tongue dry—

"You have been lucky. You have drawn blood."

"I have pricked you in sport," answered Erle. "Had I wished, I would long ere this have disabled you."

"Do it!" roared Philip, and made a sudden, base, and villainous lunge at him.

Erle was prepared for him, stepped aside, warded off the deadly thrust, and, like lightning, sent the point of his own sword through the fleshy part of Philip Avon's side.

The wound was neither deep nor dangerous, but Philip felt the smart. He placed his hand there, and felt the warm blood gush out. He lowered the point of his sword. His face changed to a cadaverous blue.

"I am not a match with you at sword play," he said, gasping for breath. "We have not met for a mere trial at skill," he added, with a ghastly smile; and pointing to the pistol-case, he said: "We have met here a life for a life. Load those pistols. I am weak with the loss of blood. Quick! give me a chance—a chance—you are not such a cowardly hound as to refuse me one poor chance. Load those pistols."

"Fling down your sword," replied Erle, coldly, "and I will do your behest. I will not give you a chance to act treacherously and basely."

With a growl, Philip threw down on the grass, here and there crimsoned with his blood, his unstained weapon, and Erle laid his crimsoned and ensanguined blade down at his feet, ready to be seized on the instant.

Then he proceeded to rapidly load the pistols which he drew from the case containing them.

As he was ramming down the barrel of the second pistol, Philip suddenly called to him—

"No bullet in that, mark me; no bullet in that pistol. *One* life only is needed, one bullet will suffice. Quick! I grow cold and faint."

Erle looked steadfastly at him.

"Be it so," he said. "But how decide the choice of the weapon?"

"A long and short blade of grass," answered Philip. "Lay down the pistols beneath my cloak, so that neither you nor I can tell which is the loaded one. The longest blade of grass shall give the choice. Quick, man! you fear—you fear to give me so miserable a chance as this. Oh, God! how deadly cold, and sick, and powerless I feel! Quick, quick, delay is cowardice."

Erle's pale face exhibited no alteration in its expression, save, perhaps, a sign in the compact set of his features that the taunts of his antagonist goaded him to a state of vindictiveness he might not otherwise have experienced.

He finished loading the last pistol; he passed them rapidly from one hand to the other, so that it was not possible to remember by the eye which of the two contained the ball. Then he stooped and laid them beneath the cloak which had been thrown carelessly upon the ground.

He next plucked two blades of grass, and arranging them, proffered the even ends to Philip Avon that he might select which he pleased.

Philip drew a long, deep breath, he set his teeth together hard, and his nostrils inflated as his glittering eyes, sparkling with an unearthly brightness, settled upon the two pieces of grass extended towards him.

He passed his blood-stained hand over his clammy forehead, leaving thereon a broad crimson streak like the brand of Cain. Then he snatched one of the blades and held it aloft.

Erle produced the one he had retained.

Philip gave a loud yell of triumph. He had secured the longest blade of grass! With a low growl of exultation, he staggered to the spot where the pistols lay hidden. He drew them forth, and examined them with anxious bloodshot eyes.

Erle, with folded arms, calmly surveyed him.

Philip balanced the pistols, one in each hand, with more nicety, care and patience than in his wounded condition might have been expected. At length, a low, gurgling laugh of triumph burst from his lips.

He held up one pistol in his hand, and flung the other upon the turf.

"The lead is in this!" he cried, and added, with rapid enunciation, "Ten paces, hound! ten paces, dog! Quick, my eyes are growing dim, and I would be sure in my aim. Ten paces for Lady Maud!"

"Ten paces for Lady Maud!" echoed Erle, grasping the pistol which Philip had flung from him.

Fully certain that Philip's long experience in firearms had enabled him to select the loaded pistol, conscious that he was a dead shot, Erle, with a glance at the fair earth, a look at the brightening sky, believed that his hour had come.

Back and back five paces, each turn, and fire.

Face to face they stood on turning. Philip Avon looked a ghastly object. A bloody smear was upon his brow, his white shirt was bedaubed with the gory fluid, and his face had a horrible, livid, corpse-like aspect.

He presented a sight to have cowed even a bold heart. Erle might have shuddered at his terrible appearance, but his thoughts were elsewhere.

He stood motionless, his lips only moved.

A last, a fervent blessing for her, and Heaven have mercy on my soul! was the aspiration which passed through his lips without a sound.

Philip took a long and careful aim at Erle's breast. Suddenly he shouted—

"Take that, in remembrance of Lady Maud!"

A blinding flash took the sight for an instant from Erle's eyes. A rush of hot air seemed to strike his throat, and some object hit his breast just over the region of the heart. But he neither staggered nor fell.

Philip had chosen the wrong pistol.

Erle raised his own weapon and aimed.

He knew who had the loaded pistol now, for the burning wad of the discharged pistol, which had struck him on the breast, lay on the grass at his feet.

"Take thou this in remembrance of me!" he cried, and fired.

A wild shriek burst from the lips of Philip Avon. He fell as if he had been smitten down by a lightning-stroke.

While the blue smoke was yet wreathing upwards in the cold, heavy air, Erle turned his eyes sharply round the glade, and an exclamation burst from his lips.

He flung down his pistol, caught up his attire, folded his cloak about his shoulders, dashed into a brake, and in an instant was lost to sight.

Advancing with hurried steps up the glade, attracted by the report of the pistols, came CYRIL KINGSWOOD.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1860.

TERMS, &c.

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ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 310 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

THE "PEOPLE'S PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY."

Under this grand and impressive head we see an advertisement in one of our exchanges, purporting to be of a company chartered by the State of Maine. The following is the advertisement:

The Commissioners of the People's Pacific Railroad Company would announce to the people of the United States, that said Board of Commissioners are fully organized, by the choice of

JOSIAH PERHAM, *President,*
OLIVER FROST, *Vice President,*
ABIEL ABBOTT, *Secretary,*
I. S. WITHINGTON, *Treasurer,*

and that the Books of the Company are open for the subscription of Stock, in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, and will soon be opened in the principal Southern and Western Cities and California.

The Charter of said Company was granted by the Legislature of the State of Maine, in March, 1860.

The right of way through the public lands in the Territories of the United States, from Missouri to California, by the way of Pike's Peak Gold Mines, and through Utah, is now open to the Company, by Acts of Congress.

The people of the United States are earnestly requested to examine the Charter and By-Laws of the Company, and send in their subscriptions. All persons are invited to subscribe one share each, and no one more than ten shares.

Shares, One Hundred Dollars each, ten dollars of which to be paid when the subscription is made, as will be seen by the Charter.

Let the people subscribe generally and liberally forthwith, and the Company will be able to secure from Congress, at its next session, large grants of land and of money.

Let the whole people, all as one, put their shoulders to the wheel, by subscribing one share each, and the Railroad will be built within five years.

Let Clubs of ten, twenty, fifty, or more subscribers be formed in every town and village, and the money forwarded by mail or express, and Certificates of Stock, with receipts for the money, will be returned.

Responsible men, of unimpeachable character, and who have a heart for the work, are wanted in all parts of the United States

to act as Agents, to obtain subscriptions to the Stock of the Company.

All communications should be directed to the undersigned, at the Office of the Company ADAMS HOUSE, BOSTON, and to whom all applications for copies of Charter, By-Laws, and other documents should be made. JOSIAH PERHAM,
President Board of Commissioners.

As we give the company the advantage of this gratuitous advertisement, we may be excused for advising our readers not to send in any money, until they examine a little into the matter. It certainly has a very curious look. Perhaps our Boston contemporaries can tell us something about it. We are very friendly to a Pacific Railroad, but doubt that Messrs. Josiah Perham and Company will be able to get sufficient money in this way, to build it very soon. We should think they would hardly sell more stock every year than would suffice to pay the salaries of the officers.

We may further inquire how long it has been since the right of way through the public lands to the Pacific, "by way of *Pike's Peak Gold Mines*," was opened by Acts of Congress.

And, further, who are "Josiah Perham," "Oliver Frost," "Abiel Abbott," and "I. S. Withington"—and whereabouts, in *this* city, are the books of the company open for subscription?

DESPERATELY IN LOVE.

Young men in England—that land of rain and fogs—evidently often get as deep into love as the natives of sunnier climes. Witness what a Mr. "Berni"—or, as it probably ought to be spelled, *Burn-i*—writes in an English periodical called "Once a Week"—a long way the publishers of said magazine have of saying that it is a weekly:

I am jealous of all senseless things
That near and touch thee—of the fluttering wind
That dallies round with fond, familiar wings,
And dares to kiss thine eyes and lift the tress
From thy blue temple—of the jewel blind
Upon thy bosom pillowed, passionless.

And *I could rend the flower that thou dost pluck*,
And drink its odor with thy nostrils fine,
And taste its honey which the bee did suck.
Oh! *I could kill thy sleek caressing hound*
That feels thy hand, and blameless may entwine
Thy feet, whene'er he choose to bound.

For I would have thee, as the miser hoards
His idol gold, *lock'd close with ponderous key,*
In chest of brazen bands round ebon boards.
I could not rest, until with sails unfurl'd
I bore my treasure o'er the secret sea,
To some oasis of the desert world.

Because I want thee ALL;—and nothing less
Than thy *whole being* would my heart suffice,—
Thee and thy love entire I must possess.
No jot withheld,—no atom of thy love
Passing the sphere of adamantine ice,
Within whose vault we must in oneness move.

Now our advice to the young lady who is so desperately beloved by Mr. "Berni," is to have nothing further to do with him. Any lover who could "*rend the flower*" that his mistress has *plucked*, "*kill her sleek*, caressing hound," and lock the lady herself up in a "chest of brazen bands," is an idiot or a desperate character, and bids fair to make the worst possible kind of a husband. These ardent gentlemen who feel before marriage as if they could eat their sweethearts up, are often the very ones to be sorry afterwards that they had not done it.

BOGUS LOTTERIES.

In answer to those of our friends who send us lottery schemes emanating from bogus firms in this city, we may say—that all lotteries, whether the prizes are money, jewelry, or anything else, are illegal by the laws of Pennsylvania. We do not consider it, however, our duty to be all the time cautioning our fellow citizens not to be duped by such things. The men that need any cautioning in these matters, cannot often be reached by mere words, which they probably generally impute to some false or foolish motive on the part of him that utters them. Even the loss of the first money which they invest in such operations, does not always cure them—many requiring to be duped at least three or four times before their verdancy is enlightened. This is getting wisdom at a rather high price, but then wisdom is worth paying a good price for, if you cannot get it on lower terms. As the wise man said:—"*My* son, sell all thou hast, and get wisdom." We have no great admiration for sharpers—nor much respect for their dupes, when the hook is so carelessly baited as in the instances to which we allude.

THE BEECH TREE.—Mr. W. M. C., of Minerva, Iowa, says that when he lived in Decatur county, Indiana, a beech tree on his place was struck by lightning, and striped from top to bottom. He says the theory will hold good as to Iowa though, because there are neither beech nor poplar trees in the State.

RINGBONE.—An "old subscriber" wishes to inquire, through THE POST, for a *sure* cure for Ringbone. It has come within two or three months.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HOPES AND FEARS; OR, SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF A SPINSTER. By the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," &c. Two volumes. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY. By ALICE B. HAVEN, (Cousin Alice.) Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

THE PETTY ANNOYANCES OF MARRIED LIFE. From the French of Honore de Balzac. Translated by O. W. WIGHT and F. B. GOODRICH. Published by Rudd & Carleton, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

HARRY COVERDALE'S COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE. By FRANK E. SMEDLEY, author of "Frank Fairlegh," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

LAVINIA. A Novel. By G. RUFFINI, author of "Dr. Antonio," "Lorenzo Benoni," "Dear Experience," &c. Published by Rudd & Carleton, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

METHODISM SUCCESSFUL, AND THE INTERNAL CAUSES OF ITS SUCCESS. By Rev. B. F. TEFFT, D. D., L. L. D., late President of Genesee College. With a Letter of Introduction by Bishop Janes. Published by Derby & Jackson, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

WILL HE FIND HER? A Romance of New York and New Orleans. By WINTER SUMMERTON. Published by Derby & Jackson, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

WHIMS AND ODDITIES—with one hundred and twelve Illustrations—and National Tales. By THOMAS HOOD. Published by Derby & Jackson, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

THE SONGS OF IRELAND. Edited and Annotated by SAMUEL LOVER, author of "Handy Andy," &c. Illustrated. Published by Dick & Fitzgerald, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD. A Sequel to School Days at Rugby. By the author of "Scouring of the White Horse," &c. Part First. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

THE HEROES OF EUROPE: A Biographical Outline of European History from A. D. 700 to A. D. 1700. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

FAITHFUL FOR EVER. By COVENTRY PATMORE, author of "The Angel in the House." Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

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THE THREE COUSINS. By J. A. MAITLAND, author of "Sartaroe," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

SARGENT'S ORIGINAL DIALOGUES. By EPES SARGENT, author of "The Standard Speaker," &c. Published by John L. Shorey, Boston; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

GRIMM'S POPULAR TALES AND HOUSEHOLD STORIES. Two Separate Volumes—First and Second Series. Published by Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co., Boston; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

THE CHAPEL OF ST. MARY. By the Author of "The Poetry of Morcland." Published by J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston; and for sale by Semi. Hazard, Jr., 724 Chestnut street, Phila.

THE PERCY FAMILY. The Baltic to Vesuvius. By SAMUEL C. EDDY. Published by Andrew F. Graves, Boston; and for sale by Smith, English & Co., Philada.

THE UNION TEXT BOOK. Containing Selections from the Writings of Daniel Webster; *The Declaration of Independence; the Constitution of the United States; and Washington's* Farewell Address. With Copious [illegible] Chestnut street, Philada.

THE OLD FRANKLIN ALMANAC for 1861. Published by Haslett & Winch, 320 Chestnut street, Philada.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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PHONOGRAPHY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Mr. Editor:—In your issue of the 10th of November, I noticed an editorial on Phonography, or short-hand writing, in which you expressed a desire that some person who has learned the art would inform your readers "whether the science really be as useful to students, physicians, ministers, and literary men in general," as the writer from whom you quote "would make us believe." "Learn phonography if you are a minister," says the writer, "for it will save you five-sixths of the time you at present employ in writing your notes, or elaborating your sermons in full. Learn phonography, if you are a lawyer, for it will enable you to secure the fleeting word on which may depend the future life or honor of your client. Learn phonography, if you are a student, and would secure, and thus fully profit by the instruction that is daily offered to you in lectures, and by oral instructions of your teachers. Learn phonography, if you have to rely upon yourself and the private study of books for the acquisition of knowledge."

Having studied this art for eighteen months, I think I can satisfactorily reply to your interrogatory. In your article you acknowledge the usefulness of phonography to reporters, but doubt that it will be of great practical use to the minister, the lawyer or the student; for you say, though sermons may be written, testimony taken down, and notes made with it, it is quite probable you will have to guess at what has been written in it. In this event, indeed, the art would be of but little value. Now, in my opinion, vocalized phonography, *i. e.*, containing the vowels as well as the consonants, in phonographic characters, is as readily and easily read as plainly written manuscript. To the minister or the lecturer, more especially, it must be of incalculable benefit, for while being enabled to write out a sermon or lecture with the great speed which phonography admits of, he will save four-fifths of his time; and in the reading of his short-hand manuscript, he will find it much easier read, in all probability, than his long-hand writing, and he will be enabled to read the *pronunciation*, and catch at it as quickly as though the words he spoke were being repeated after an elocutionist. This, I say, phonography admits of; for while you are writing the *forms* of words, you are also writing their *sound*, or pronunciation. Every consonant of each word is represented by phonographic characters, and not only are the vowels, too, represented, but also their proper sound. For example: The vowel *a* has its four distinct sounds represented by four different characters, as in the words *arm*, *all*, *ask*, and *age*; and the same is the case with all consonants, vowels, and diphthongs. *Therefore, for its speed and legibility to the minister*, the medical or law student in preserving such professional lectures as shall be of service to him, or to the general student, in keeping an abstract of his studies—his *index rerum*, I hold it, from personal experience, to be of such advantage as to be almost indispensable. As to the legibility and practicability of it, accept the following testimonials of two of your own citizens. The Rev. J. T. Cooper says:—"We have in our office a phonographic compositor. The proofs of the last article, which occupied nearly a column of our paper, did not contain a single mistake. The 'copy' was written in phonography." Ralph Sailer, who is in the counting-house of Powers and Weightman, of your city, says he acts as amanuensis to his employer, who rapidly dictates to him his correspondence, which is taken down by Mr. S. in phonography, and then written out for mailing. By this means the heads of the house gain time for other important branches of their business. But perhaps the best evidence of its utility is that Graham's American Phonography is *taught regularly* in the Philadelphia High School. I would impress upon your readers, that there must be a great distinction made between Phonography and Stenography. They both constitute short-hand writing, but differ very materially. The former is, as I have already stated, capable of representing the sound of every word in the language, while the latter consists wholly of arbitrary signs; as, for instance, a horizontal stroke *between* two perpendicular strokes is made to represent *between them*, or *between both of them*. At present there are two systems of phonography, Graham's and Pitman's. They are nearly the same, founded on the same basis, the former being merely an improvement on the latter. Having carefully studied both, I have no hesitation in pronouncing Graham's the superior and most perfect system, both in regard to brevity and more perfect representation of the sounds of the language. Pitman's being an English system, introduces many of the English peculiarities of pronunciation; as, *egg*-aggeration for *ex*aggeration.

Graham has a phonographic depot in New York, and Pitman in Cincinnati, Ohio.

I have written this with no intention of giving the phonographic art undue importance, or of praising any particular system, but in the hope of awakening an interest in an art which is of so much importance in time saving to all professional men, and more especially to students. Thomas H. Benton said of it:—"Had I known this art forty years ago, it would have saved me twenty years of hard labor."

I will most willingly furnish any student with any information in my power, upon his addressing me upon the subject.

Yours very truly,
St. Louis, Nov. 27, 1860. A. J. S.

☞ Young lovers are called turtles, and they are generally green turtles.

☞ Once, our statesmen clustered round the liberty tree; now, our politicians only take to the stump.

SORGHUM SUGAR AND MOLASSES.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

FORT LOUISA, Iowa, Nov. 27, 1860.

Mr. Editor:—I saw a paragraph, from the *Ohio Farmer*, in THE POST of Nov. 17, in relation to Sorghum sugar and molasses, with comment for an editorial "I-knew-it-would-be-so." Let me tell you something about it in this section, viz.: Louisa county, Iowa:

It is here considered a "decided success." It may be true that the manufacture of molasses and sugar from the Chinese cane has not been brought to that degree of perfection which will enable us to compete with our Southern brethren as yet, but for two years we have been making enough molasses to supply home wants; it is also true that, to the taste of many, much of our home-made article equals any molasses that can be manufactured. We believe about four-fifths of our farmers have this season made enough molasses to last them a year, many making a great deal more. Very little sugar has been made, for the reason that it requires different apparatus and treatment from the syrup, but the *cost* of the apparatus is all that has stood in the way. *Sugar can be made*, and it is a safe prediction to make, that, within three years, Iowa, Illinois, and Missouri will more than supply their home demand. To the "far West" is the place to look for the success of the Chinese cane; I speak for no other region. Hereafter when you hear any one speak derogatory to the character of the "cane," tell 'em to "dry up" till they hear from Iowa. Sweetly yours,

HENRY FULTON.

☞ IMPOSING ON GOOD NATURE.—Mr. Jones and family going for an afternoon's drive with the pony.

	Lbs.
Mr. Jones weighs	160
Mrs. Jones "	125
Master Thomas weighs	48
Master Robert " weighs	32
Baby weighs	18
Wagon (say) "	300
Mrs. J.'s parasol weighs	0½
Total	683½

Pony weighs about 700 (It is therefore obvious to the meanest capacity that the pony can draw the above party, with 16½ lbs. to spare.)

☞ A man who had purchased a pair of new shoes, finding the road to be rather a rough one, decided on putting the shoes under his arm, and walking home barefooted. After awhile he stubbed his great toe, taking the nail off as clean as a whistle. "How lucky!" he exclaimed, "what a tremendous kick that would have been for the shoes!"

☞ Last Sunday, a young clergyman in an adjoining town, endeavored to illustrate a point in his sermon, by alluding to the recent eclipse of the sun; and to enlighten his hearers on the subject of eclipses, remarked that a solar eclipse was caused by the moon passing between us and the sun, and that an eclipse of the moon was produced "*in the same manner, by the sun passing between the earth and the moon!*" His congregation appreciated the information.

☞ "Are you in love, Mary?" "Yes, mother." "How much?" "Well, I don't know exactly, but I should think about five feet or thereabout, for I feel it all overish."

POLITICAL NEWS.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

The total vote (official) is as follows:—

For Lincoln and Hamlin		*Breckinridge and Lane.*	
California	4	Alabama	9
Connecticut	6	Arkansas	4
Illinois	11	Delaware	3
Indiana	13	Florida	3
Iowa	4	Georgia	10
Maine	8	Louisiana	6
Massachusetts	13	Maryland	8
Michigan	6	Mississippi	7
Minnesota	4	North Carolina	10
New Hampshire	5	South Carolina	8
New Jersey	4	Texas	4
New York	35		
Oregon	3	Total	72
Pennsylvania	27	*Bell and Everett.*	
Rhode Island	4	Kentucky	12
Vermont	5	Tennessee	12
Wisconsin	5	Virginia	15
Total,	180	Total	39
		Douglas and Johnson.	
		New Jersey	3
		Missouri	9
		Total	12

RECAPITULATION—ELECTORAL VOTES.

For Lincoln and Hamlin,	180
For Breckinridge and Lane,	72
For Bell and Everett,	39
For Douglas,	12
Whole Electoral Vote,	303
Lincoln's majority over all, —	57

ELECTORS.—The Electors have met in New York and Pennsylvania, and cast their votes for Lincoln and Hamlin.

In New Jersey, at the meeting of the Electors, four votes were cast for Lincoln and Hamlin, and three votes for Douglas and Johnson.

In Virginia, the Breckinridge Electors declined acting, on the ground that, although by the technicalities of the law they might be entitled, they were not elected in fact. The nine Bell Electors, in consequence, filled the vacancies, and cast the Electoral vote of the State for Bell and Everett.

The official returns of the votes for President, in Virginia, exclusive of the informalities which caused a division of the Electoral College, are as follows:—

Bell,	74,681
Breckinridge,	74,323
Douglas,	16,375
Lincoln,	1,929

MISSOURI.—The official vote of Missouri is as follows:—

Douglas,	58,801
Bell,	58,372
Breckinridge,	31,317
Lincoln,	17,028

NEW YORK CITY.—Four of the "Japanese Bill" Aldermen have been re-elected. Politically, the Democrats gain one Alderman. The Board of Councilmen stands: Republicans, 10—a gain of three; Tammany, Dem., 11; Mozart, Dem., 3.

☞ Punch says that Garibaldi is an Irishman, and was born in Cork, or Connemara, it is not certain which; and, after his father was christened Richard Murphy, a name which he has now converted to Dick Tator!

☞ A husband advertises thus: "My wife, Maria, has strayed or been stolen. Who ever returns her will get his head broke. As to trusting her, anybody can do so if they see fit; for as I never pay my own debts, it's not likely I'll pay her'n."

☞ "My dear husband," said a devoted wife, "why will you not leave off smoking? It is such an odious practice, and makes your breath smell so?" "Yes," replied the husband, "but only consider the time I have devoted, and the money I have spent, to learn to smoke. If I should leave off now, all that time and money would have been wasted, don't you see?"

☞ When the celebrated Viotti (the father of modern violin playing), then residing in London, turned wine merchant, a young nobleman, one of his numerous admirers, accosted him somewhat angrily thus:—"Signor Viotti, how could you, an artist of such high standing, degrade yourself by becoming a trafficker in wine?" "My dear sir," Viotti replied, "simply because I find that the English like wine better than music."

☞ Woman is a mysterious poem which must be read many times to be understood; he who has never loved but once knows the sex better than he who has made a new conquest every day for twenty years.

☞ Women love to find in men a difficult combination—a gentleness which will invariably yield, with a force which will invariably protect.

☞ An exchange advertises for compositors "who won't get drunk," and adds that "the editor does all the getting drunk necessary to support the dignity of the establishment!"

☞ Telegraph operators, in transmitting messages, acquire each a certain style of manipulation peculiar to himself, so that the receiving clerks can as easily detect the identity of the transmitting clerk by his operating as by his handwriting or his voice.

☞ Henry Clay is said to have been the ugliest child ever born in Virginia.

☞ A lap-dog recently brought $2,600 in London by auction.

☞ MEDICINES OF THE SHETLANDERS.—Their popular recipes are scurvy-grass for cutaneous complaints, butter-milk for dropsy, shells of whelks calcined and pounded for dyspepsia, and a variety of steatite (a soft unctuous mineral, used for statuary and decorative purposes) for abrasions, wounds and ulcers.

☞ A colored firm in Newark, New Jersey, having suffered some pecuniary embarrassments, recently closed business, and the senior member gave to the public the following "notis."—"De disbolution of coparsnips heretofo resisting twixt me and Mose Jones in de barber perfession, am heretofo resolved. Pussons who ose must pay in the scriber. Dem what the furm ose must call on Jones, as the furm is insolved."

☞ A gentleman lately resident in Sunderland, England, at one time a strong advocate of teetotalism, now a porter-bottle manufacturer in a seaport not far off, was recently asked by an acquaintance how he could reconcile his former professions with his present practice. "Oh," was the reply, "when I started bottle-making, to be consistent I also began to drink wine."

☞ "I think you must allow," said a pompous gentleman, "that my jests are very fair." "Sir, your jests are like yourself," was the quick retort, "their age makes them respectable."

PATRIOTIC LADIES.—Mr. Adams Smith, the amusing correspondent of the Scotsman, at the scene of strife in southern Italy, introduces us to one or two of the ministering angels of Garibaldi's camp and hospitals:—

"There is a Princess who is indefatigable in her exertions daily at the hospital. Then there is the Countess Maria della Torre, a very extraordinary personage, revolver and dagger in one hand, and physic bottles and plasters in the other. She is good looking, as far as delicate features can make her, a nose chiseled on the best Grecian model, but she fails in complexion. Her figure is slight, and not inelegant, and upright as a dart. Such her physical—her moral may be partly collected from a short conversation I had with her in a cast she gave me one evening in her carriage.

"I was returning on foot from St. Angelo, after the battle on the first of October. I met her driving at a gallop. I respectfully saluted her as she passed. She stopped, and kindly told me to get into the carriage. I did so, and asked her where she was going at such a rate. 'To the camp—to the wounded—but I have no bandages—no nothing—no anything for dem.' 'Then what is the use of going there? Had you not better return to the hospital at Santa Maria, whither the wounded will be carried?' 'Well, I must see. She stopped everybody on the road, boy and man, to ask their advice. All this while the bullets were flying across the road, and she standing up in the carriage, an excellent mark, cool as a cucumber.

"For nearly twenty minutes did we remain on the road lightly conversing. 'Don't you tink my uniform very pretty, Mr. Smit'—buttons all down in the front?' 'Yes,' said I, 'and unless you want some more button-holes to match, not made by the regular tailor, I think we had better start, more especially as I have more holes than buttons.' Ragozzo assented; but, after all, she is kind-hearted as well as spirited. Then last, but not least, there is a Mrs. White, of more modest pretensions, but not less energetic, equally useful. She is one of Garibaldi's pets; and by his salutes you may always know where his affections are deepest—he has a graduated scale. This lady he impresses affectionately and fervently upon the cheek.

"Then there is a very patriotic woman, whose cognomen is Santa Joanna, who has spent half her fortune in the cause, with the noblest soul enclosed in a mass of most smutty flesh and gorgeous ribbons, for whom he has the most unbounded regard; he salutes her on the top of the head. There are many other steps in the scale of his affections, but I have merely taken the top and bottom ones. It is to the second lady mentioned that I would recommend all the subscriptions for the sick and wounded to be sent."

NEGRO RIOT IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.—There was a serious riot at the Victoria Theatre, Nov. 3d, growing out of the long-existing prejudices of the negroes against the whites. The negro population have emigrated to British Columbia from California, to improve their social position, which they claim to be equal in all things to any other race. The whites demur to this, and the management of the theatre provided for its colored patrons in a separate part of the house. On the night in question, the negroes concerted a plan to take possession of the seats reserved for the whites. Two negroes first forced an admittance to the parquette, and the whites attempted to expel them. The actors on the stage jumped into the parquette to assist in the fight. The ladies took refuge behind the scenes.

The negroes, armed with clubs, came to the rescue of their fellows. A number of the whites were knocked down and kicked by the negroes. The camphene lamps were thrown about, bursting, and actually setting the theatre on fire. The negroes got possession, and drove out the whites, and were in turn repulsed. Some of the negroes had firearms. The principal rioters were arrested, and order was restored by the police. One hundred negroes were engaged in the riot.

Another attack on the theatre was planned for Nov. 10, the day the steamer left. A large police force was to be on hand.

POLITICAL ITEMS.—WASHINGTON, Dec. 7.—The President to-day explicitly expressed his determination to send no more troops to the forts near Charleston, and said everything would be done, on his part, to avoid a collision.

Mayor Alexander has made no request for reinforcements, and it is represented that the best feeling exists between the garrison at Fort Moultrie and the citizens of Charleston.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 7.—Mr. Stewart, a member of the Texas Legislature, from Gonzales, has issued a circular, in accordance with the resolutions adopted at the public meeting held in that place, inviting his fellow members to meet in Austin, on the third Monday in December, to hold an extra session, and provide for the calling of a State Convention. Governor Houston promises to resign if the people demand that the Legislature shall be convoked for this purpose.

FROM FORT SCOTT, KANSAS.—Advices from Fort Scott to the 3d have been received.

The Federal troops were acting as a *posse comitatus* to the U. S. Marshal, and had arrested several persons for being engaged in the late murders. No resistance was offered. The troops would move to Mound City on the 4th. A gentleman who arrived from Fort Scott states that all was quiet out there, and that Montgomery was not to be found.

A NOVEL CASE AT LAW.—Mr. Church, of Montville, owned a hen. The hen took a notion to set. Mr. Church encouraged her in it to the extent of giving her sixteen eggs to commence on. With commendable industry the hen went to work "setting." For one week she devoted herself to it without interruption. At the end of the week, Mr. Tinker's turkey came along that way, and crowding the hen off her nest, took the business of incubation under her own wings. Being more "on the muscle" than the hen, she maintained her position until a brood of chickens stepped out of the shell and peeped. The turkey then took the chickens in tow, and returned to her own and Mr. Tinker's residence. Mr. Church brought an action of trover for the chickens, claiming them on the ground that his hen laid the eggs and did the best part of the setting. The case was tried before Mulford C. Raymond, Esq., on Saturday, Halsey for plaintiff, Merriam, of New London, for defence, and judgment was given for plaintiff to recover eight cents apiece for the chickens.—*Norwich Bulletin.*

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON AND THE POPE.—The Paris correspondent of the London Daily News, writing on the 14th, says:—A pamphlet, certainly not official, but still significant, has appeared to-day at Dentu's, with the singular title of "Pape et Empereur." The author (understood to be M. Cayla) proposes the suppression of all relations between the French clergy and Rome, that bishops and priests should be elected by the people, as in the primitive days of the church, and that the Emperor should concentrate in his own person political and religious supremacy. I have often heard it suggested, in a half-joking way, that the Emperor would ultimately solve the Roman question by making himself Pope; the appearance of the above pamphlet at Dentu's, at the present juncture, calls to mind the proverb that there is many a true word spoken in jest.

THE OLD STORY.

BY WILLIE LIGHTHEART.

Mamma, mamma, young Eddie Jones,
Who called for me last night,
And by the fallen oak sat down,
Beneath the moon's soft light,
Whispered so many pretty things
About his country home,
And took my hand in his and asked
If I would be his own.

He called me beautiful, and said
My hand was snowy white,
My lips were coral and my eyes
Were like the diamond's light;
And then he sighed and looked so sad,
And seemed in such distress,
That when he asked me to be his,
I had to tell him yes.

Fie! fie! my daughter, Eddie Jones
A nice young man may be,
But "he can't keep a hotel," nor
A husband be to thee;
He's nothing but a country clown,
And does not own a red,
Before I see you marry him,
I'd rather both were dead.

But, dear mamma, young Eddie Jones,
Is wealthy, I am sure,
For old Spondulicks died and left
Five thousand pounds or more;
And all his money is his own,
Besides his country home;
Mamma, mamma, I'd rather be
His bride, than live alone.

I know he loves the very ground
On which my shadow falls,
And will delight to furnish me
With bonnets, hoops and shawls;
And more than all that gold can buy,
More than my potted vine
That climbs upon the porch—I love
To know his *heart* is mine.

Five thousand pounds!—and all his own!
Whew, daughter, what a pile!
Not that I care a fig for wealth,
Therefore you needn't smile.
But Eddie Jones has won your heart,
And loves you too, I guess;
So, when he asks your hand again,
Just say, I acquiesce.

—*Charleston News.*

MAXIMILIAN'S COURTSHIP.

My friend Max had an imperial nose—half-hawkish, that is; large, bright eyes, small mouth, and luxuriant brown hair. His full, overhanging moustaches were screwed into points and waxed at the ends in the Hungarian fashion, so that they stood out from his cheeks like two rods, at exactly right angles to his nose. In what robes or simple habiliments my friend Max would have arrayed himself, had he possessed ample means, it would be difficult to say; but, as his said means were decidedly limited, there was a seediness, not to say a splendid shabbiness, in his appearance, which reminded one strongly of the past, and held out very little hopes for the future. His chief garment was a wide-sleeved, broad-skirted, no-waisted, velvet-collared, and most elaborately braided bournouse, which, as it was warm weather, was spread over the back of his chair in the manner of an imperial robe, with the sleeves conspicuously in front on account of the braiding. Max smoked his cigar in short, emphatic puffs, and sipped his coffee, as he sat in the Paradies Garden on the ramparts of Vienna, with all the indolence of the East and some of the graces of the West.

Max was under promise to tell me the story of his courtship, and thus began:

"Amalie has such beautiful eyes!" exclaimed my sister Sophie to me one day.

"The Frauline Amalie Stralich has a fortune of five thousand guldens," said my mother, following suit.

"Her papa is such a kind, fine old gentleman," continued Sophie.

"The Herr von Stralich's estate of Eichenwald," pursued my mother, "is not to be matched in the whole circle."

Now I knew all this before. Amalie Stralich had beautiful eyes and a dower of five thousand guldens; and as for the old gentleman and his estate, I had shaken hands with the one, and hoped to go shooting over the other. Just at the nick of time came an invitation from the worthy proprietor himself; and when my sister Sophie slyly inquired of me when I intended to pay my visit to Eichenwald, "To-morrow," exclaimed I, briskly. And so I did.

Eichenwald is close to Fishamund, and Fishamund is three and a-half good German miles from Vienna. How to get there! My dear fellow, it has always been one of the fatalities of my existence that, at the precise moment when I had the least money, I was certain to have the most need of it. What with the *glace* boots, and the kid gloves, and the cambrics, and an abominable item of twenty guldens schein, without the payment of which I could not release my new bournouse—it *was* new then—from the hands of the inflexible tailor, I found myself with only so much cash as would pay the post-wagon to my destination. How could I walk four German miles in varnished leather boots?—and what would become of the little delicacies of my toilet if I did? If I went by post what a miserable figure I should cut with scarcely a zwanziger in the gay silken purse which sister Sophie had woven for me in anticipation of the visit! Here was a dilemma! In my indecision I missed the post, and after a vain attempt to cajole or awe two or three *fiacre* drivers at the *Linie* into carrying me and my magnificence half-way for a reasonable fare, I tossed my bournouse over my shoulder, pointed my moustaches with violent determination, and started on my way on foot, resolved to throw myself, for the fiftieth time at least, upon the generosity of fortune. And a pretty jade's trick she played me!

I had not gone far when I heard the clattering of a country cart behind me.

"Ho, la!" shouted I, to the driver. "Whither away?"

"To Regelsbrun, Eurer Gnaden," was the reply.

"That is beyond Fishamund, is it not?"

"Three miles by the highroad, Eurer Gnaden," said he.

"Then I'll tell thee what it is, my lad; give me a lift to Fishamund, and here is zwanziger for thee."

The jolly peasant grinned from ear to ear, and held out his arm.

"Can I assist your grace to mount?" said he, and in a moment I was by his side, full of hopeful anticipations of the termination of my journey. Our cart was filled with—what thinkest thou?—onions! *Ueber!* all loose, and full to the very brim! But my charioteer laid a clean sack over them, and on this reposed my bournouse in all its regal magnificence; and so we rattled happily on till we came to Schwechat.

"Halte-la!" cried I, "let's take a schnaps."

So we both got down and found our way into the village tavern, in less time than it takes me to tell it; my driver, however, turning a wistful look towards his horse as he came, which I learned to understand much better five minutes later than I did at the moment—more's the pity! Scarcely had we got our liquor fairly before us, and were raising it to our lips, when a fierce clatter was heard outside, and the driver dashed down his glass, and, with a yell, ran to the door.

"Ei, Gottes himmel!" shouted he, "Mathias has bolted!"

Mathias was the horse, and, sure enough, he was off, helter skelter along the road, with the onions hopping about his ears like live creatures. There was no time to consider, so we took the road with a bound; but whether we should ever have overtaken Mathias or not, must remain forever undecided, seeing that after a hard run he was brought short up by a stranger who was ahead of him, and who dexterously caught him by the bridle when in full career. It was something short of compliments which met the ears of Mathias when we came panting up by his side. How his master swore! For my part, I was too busy with my unlucky bournouse, which, pounded in among the onions, I dragged out with considerable difficulty, to pay much attention to the horse; but I believe he got his share of abuse for all that.

We thanked the stranger for his timely assistance, and, having again made things as snug and compact as possible, sprang into our vehicle, and started off afresh upon our journey. My only satisfaction was that Mathias had taken the road forward, so that with all our trouble we had been progressing, and that at even a more rapid rate than we had intended. Another hour's ride brought us into Fishamund, and I bade adieu to Mathias and his master, by no means dissatisfied to find myself so near my journey's end. My toilet was terribly disturbed by the run and ride. I freshened myself up in the best way under the circumstances, and began to feel myself happier at every step I advanced up the romantically wooded lane which led to Eichenwald.

Half an hour's walk up the steep path brought me to a gateway of open woodwork, and a few paces beyond, just as in a play, stood a comely old gentleman in a loose garden costume, crowned by a green skull cap, with an enormous tip. This was no other than old Stralich himself, and whom I embraced with all the affectionate ardor of a future son-in-law. The next half hour was delightful. The meeting with the two girls, Amalie and Rosa, all smiles and blushes, seemed only a presage of the pleasure that was to come; while the savory odor which greeted my entrance into the house was an agreeable foretaste, considering how hungry I was, of the carnal comforts which were in store for me. I was in high glee. I had made a capital *debut*: I felt myself already at home, and as I sat down to the tasty luncheon already spread for me, I drained a glass of wine in a silent toast to my own success.

I was deep in a cold pasty when Madame—I beg her pardon—the Frau von Stralich, entered the room. Nothing could be more gracious than her reception of me: and as the Frau was of an ancient family, and excessively formal, and it was something to gain her favor, I congratulated myself again upon my good fortune. The good lady, however, betrayed some uneasiness for which I could not account, and after sniffing about the room for some time, exclaimed suddenly—

"What have they served you with, Herr Putz—onions?"

Some vague recollections of Mathias and the cart struggled through my happier thoughts for a moment, but I gave no serious attention to them, and having regaled myself to my satisfaction, sauntered back into the receiving-room, bearing upon my arm—dolt that I was!—my unlucky bournouse. With a sort of fatality, which I cannot now understand, I persisted in placing it in the most conspicuous position; paraded it about like a horse; laid it out upon the best chair; and yet was so blind and senseless in my own vanity as not to perceive that it reeked like a very polecat, and had a full-grown onion, half crushed, in one pocket.

"Phew!" exclaimed old Stralich, as he entered from the garden, "who has been peeling onions in the room?"

Suddenly I fell upon the scent. It came upon me in strength like the odor of an orange grove, only of a different flavor. I knew too well whence it came; but it was too late to smuggle my bournouse into the ante-chamber, for, at the very moment the two girls came flowing into the room, as fresh as the flowers, and rustling and fluttering in new silks and ribbons. I forgot my bournouse in the excitement caused by their entrance, and for the next half hour was as happy as a prince, laughing and chatting about Vienna, its theatres, its concerts, and ball-saloons; and became so utterly oblivious of Mathias and the onion cart, that, with cool effrontery, I answered old Stralich's inquiries as to how I had come, by the blunt lie that I had come to Fishamund by post. I little thought of the net I was weaving for myself.

Old Stralich was proud of his daughters, but still prouder of his son, Franz. Francis, more properly speaking, had been despatched on a mission to a neighboring landherr near Schwechat, and was momentarily expected with a company of young people, invited on my account. Speaking of him, we naturally fell upon the subject of youthful gaieties; of the belles and gallants of the capital; of the last new fashions; and then, as ill luck would have it, upon my bournouse, which was the last effort of inspiration of my Viennese tailor. Old Stralich must needs examine it, but had scarcely got it fairly into his hands than he let it fall, with the exclamation, "Phew! those onions again!" For, as was in the bournouse, it seemed to breathe onions.

At this moment we heard a merry shout in the garden which saved me from my explanation, for Rosa ran to the window, and, clapping her hands with joy, cried out with a happy laugh, "Here comes Franz! and the three Spitzidls with him." We all rose to receive such distinguished company; for a qualm of nervousness came over me as the fear lest young Stralich, of whom I knew nothing, should be formal or disagreeable enough to spoil all my previous success, flushed over my mind. But the hitch was not to be there. He entered the room with a springy step, stretching out his hand as he advanced towards me. I felt the blood rush up into the very roots of my hair, for, as he grasped my hand, he gave a shout of surprise, and, with a loud laugh, exclaimed, "Himmel! is it you, Herr Putz!"

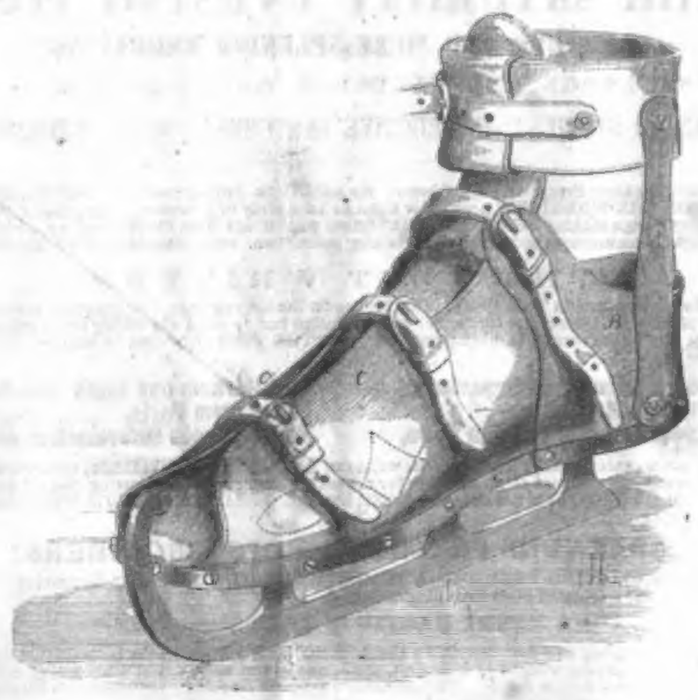
By all that was mal-a-propos and diabolical, it was the very stranger who had stopped Mathias on the road when he bolted with the onion cart? What was I to do? I laughed also in the very bitterness of anguish, as, in answer to the eager questioning of the two girls and old Stralich, concerning the manner of our acquaintanceship, Franz related the story of my mishap, describing with a humorous fidelity, the whole scene of the bolt, the race, and the capture. The three Spitzidls were come in, too—tall, raw lads, with monstrous ears—and they joined in the merriment with huge guffaws. I hated them from my heart out.

I was afraid to look at Amalie and Rosa; but I felt rather than saw that they looked wonderingly at me, and did not join in the general laugh. The Frau von Stralich giggled hysterically, and then checking herself with a gulp, serenely expressed her satisfaction at having found out the secret of the onions. As for old Stralich, he stood with his hands behind his back and a heavy smile upon his face, till, taking the assumed unconcern and gaiety with which I tried to hide my vexation for unblushing effrontery, he turned suddenly upon me with the grave severity of a judge, and said, "I thought you came by the post, sir?"

This was the finishing stroke. I scarcely know what answer I returned. I was abashed, humiliated, and could only seek a refuge in a noisy, unnatural hilarity. Amalie was lost—I knew that; and, in the rage of despair, I could have tied myself up in my own bournouse, onions and all, and flung myself into the Danube. However, I did not; but took suddenly ill instead, and came home that very night—by post!

I never saw the Stralichs or Eichenwald again. Amalie is married, and I am not; and I often think that if I had only had the courage to keep to the truth and to tell my own story, what a capital fit it would have been!

So now, concluded my friend Max, with a sigh, I have told thee how it happened; let it be a warning to thee when thou goest a courting.



IMPROVED SKATE AND ANKLE BRACE.

The skate illustrated in the above engraving is the combined invention of J. F. Blondin (the celebrated rope walker), Frank Douglas, N. H. Spofford, and J. B. Hershoof, all of whom applied for separate patents on the invention about the same time. An interference was declared at the Patent Office, but before the day appointed for opening the evidence in the case, the several parties compromised the matter between themselves, and the patent was issued on October 2d, 1860, to Mr. Blondin, assignee to himself and all the other parties named above.

Two brass plates, one, A, on each side, are fastened to the heel of the skate by pivots at their lower ends, and at their upper ends also by pivots to a broad leather strap, which passes around the leg above the ankle joint. While this arrangement allows all the freedom of motion requisite to the foot, it prevents that side-turning of the ankle-joints which causes the greatest fatigue in skating, and is the principal difficulty with beginners.

The straps for fastening this skate, besides being remarkably secure, operate as an extra clothing to the foot, preventing that coldness of the feet which is the principal discomfort in this delightful exercise. These are shown so plainly in the cut as hardly to require a description. The heel strap, B, is in the form of the counter to a shoe, the two pieces, C C, cover the sides of the foot, and the tongue, D, passes from the toe over the top of the foot, under all the narrow straps, to prevent these from pressing in a way to produce pain or injury.

Messrs. Douglas, Rogers & Co., of Norwich, Conn., manufacture the skate, and to them inquiries should be addressed.

POETICAL BLUNDERS.

Our poetry enshrines many popular superstitions respecting members of the animal kingdom, which it would not be desirable to remove from its pages, even were it possible, for they supply illustrations of value and interest as to the mental condition of society in bygone times, and are chapters essential to a complete history of knowledge. It is curious to trace, when able to do so, such wild imaginations to their origin. While the inventive faculty has been largely at work in giving existence to them, it will be very commonly found that *they are referable to simply coincident circumstances, upon which the idea of a weird, inharmonious and mysterious connection* between them has been unceremoniously grafted. It has doubtless happened in many a sick-chamber, and immediately, too, before the dissolution of the patient, that the noise of the puny insect has been heard, vulgarly called the death-watch. Hence arose the fancy of premonition, which has so often disturbed the habitations of rural tranquillity, and from which they are not yet wholly free:—

"The solemn death-watch clicked the hour she died."

The noise is not owing to the voice of the insect, but to its beating on any hard substance with the shield or fore-part of the head. It is intended merely to summon a companion, and answers exactly to the call-note of a bird. From seven to eleven distinct strokes are usually given.

One of the oldest of these superstitions, going back to the times of Pliny and Aristotle, refers to the kingfisher, then termed the Halcyon; and to it we are indebted for the incorporation of the latter word in our language. This brilliant bird was supposed to possess the marvellous faculty of pacifying, or enchaining by its presence, wind and wave; and hence seasons of tranquillity are frequently styled halcyon days.

"When great Augustus made war's tempests cease,
His halcyon days brought forth the arts of peace."
—*Denham.*

"Amidst our arms as quiet you shall be
As Halcyons brooding on a winter sea."
—*Dryden.*

"Blow, but gently blow, faire winde,
From the forsaken shore,
And be as to the Halcyon kinde,
Till we are ferried o'er."—*Browne.*

"——All nature seemed
Fond of tranquillity; the glassy sea
Scarce rippled; the Halcyon slept upon the wave,
The winds were all at rest."—*The Storm.*

The idea seems to have arisen from the well-known habits of the bird. It fishes wholly by sight, and can take only comparatively small prey. Hence all those circumstances require to be avoided which would interfere with distinct vision, in order to the success of its operations. It therefore frequents particular spots, and is out in certain states of the weather. Brawling and turbulent streams are avoided, in favor of those which are of languid flow; and these are not in a condition to tempt the bird to an excursion when wind ruffles, or rain dimples their surface.—The days when the atmosphere is the most transparent and still, the waters most calm and clear, are precisely those which the kingfisher loves, and in which he is most commonly seen, as favorable to a profitable look-out.

Our popular poetry also contains not a few errors with respect to the economy and habits of animals, for which, however, no blame can be attached to the writers, as they have merely adopted the prevailing but fallacious opinions of their time, gathered from the ordinary sources of such information. There are exceptions to the truth of this remark, two of which occur on the spur of the moment, and must be placed in the great group of literary inadvertencies. Lord Byron thus writes:—

"Even as an eagle overlooks his prey,
And for a moment, poised in middle air,
Suspends the motion of his mighty wings,
Then swoops with his unerring *beak*."

The king of birds invariably seizes his prey with the talons, carries it off to the nest, or some other place of security, and there at leisure uses the beak for tearing it up. Sir Walter Scott, remarkably enough for a keen sportsman, has misrepresented the natural history of the fieldfare in the following picture, referring to Scottish ground:—

"Within a dreary glen,
Where scattered lay the bones of men,
In some forgotten battle slain,
And bleached by drifting snow and rain;
The knot-grass fettered there the hand
Which once could burst an iron band:
Beneath the broad and ample bone,
That buckler'd heart to fear unknown,
A feeble and a timorous guest,
The fieldfare, *framed her lowly nest.*"

The bird is a migratory thrush, and one of our winter visitors. But it does not breed in England, nor build on the ground in its native quarters. The nest is lodged in the firs and larches of Norway, at the height of from ten to forty feet.

But sometimes the poets have been right and the naturalists wrong. It was formerly believed that insects had not the sense of hearing—a notion countenanced by Linnæus and Bonnet. A different and more correct opinion Shakspeare expresses in the words:

"I will tell it softly,
You crickets shall not *hear* me."

The observations of Brunelli, an Italian naturalist, are quite conclusive upon the point. He kept several field crickets in a chamber, which continued their chirking song through the whole day; but the moment they heard a knock at the door they were silent. He subsequently invented a method of imitating their sounds; and when he did so outside the door, at first a few would venture on a soft whisper, and by-and-by the whole party burst out in a chorus to answer him; but upon repeating the rap at the door, they instantly stopped again, as if alarmed. He likewise confined a male in one side of his garden, while he put a female in the other, at liberty, which began to leap as soon as she heard the chirk of the male, and immediately came to him—an experiment which he frequently repeated with the same result.

It would be marring some of the finest strains of poetry so to change them as to correct the false zoology. But, quite apart from this consideration, it would not be proper to touch the erroneous passages, because faithful representations of the ideas current in the times when they were written. The case is altogether different and wholly unjustifiable, when a writer of the present day adopts an *old mistake of natural history, and gives circulation to it as an undoubted fact in his* medium of conveying a false impression. No fault can be found with the dramatist for the misconception, as it was the belief of his age:—

"I will play the swan,
And die in music."

"He makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music."

But exception may be fairly taken to the following recent iteration as a sober truth, of a completely unfounded fancy:—

"What is that, mother?

"The swan, my love.
He is floating down from his native grove,
No loved one now, no nestling nigh;
He is floating down by himself to die;
Death darkens his eyes and unplumes his wings,
Yet the sweetest song is the last he sings.
Live so, my love, that when death shall come,
Swan-like and sweet, it may wait thee home."
—*Doane.*

Most animals, on the approach of death, retire from the companionship of their kind to die in solitude. This the swan may do; but certainly there is no musical accompaniment in the case, for the bird is utterly incapable of it. The domesticated, or mute swan, as it is called, though not absolutely voiceless, has no note, living or dying, but a *hiss*; and the tone of the wild or whistling swan is sufficiently harsh and dissonant. Here, by the way, it may be stated that there is no foundation for the common representation of the nightingale's song as of the mournful cast:—

"Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses and record my woes."
—*Shakspeare.*

"Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy."—*Milton.*

If the notes seem plaintive, it is owing to the listener's pensive mood, promoted by the seclusion in which they are ordinarily heard, with the night's sombre shadows. The song is the outpouring of joy, not the vehicle of sadness; and it is due mainly to the male bird, who thus cheers his companion in the discharge of her maternal duties.

As poetry is early and extensively read, it is not a superfluous task, while one of some interest, to point out a few instances of its discordance with the advanced knowledge of the age. In the "Midsummer Night's Dream," the fairies are said to light their tapers

"At the fiery glow-worm's *eyes*."

But it is now known that the luminosity proceeds from the *tail* of the insect, and not from the head. Thompson has the passage:—

"Along the crooked lane, on every hedge,
The glow-worm lights *his* gem, and through the dark
A moving radiance twinkles."

The truth is, that the male glow-worm is smaller than the female, and but rarely seen, nor is it certainly determined whether it is luminous at all or not. It is the female that is so conspicuous, and so often observed. Of another insect, Thompson says:—

"Light fly his slumbers, if perchance *a flight*
Of angry gadflies fasten on the herd,
That, startling, scatters from the shallow brook
In search of lavish stream; tossing the foam.
They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plains,
Through all the bright severity of noon."

The description of the distress of the cattle is true enough; but their tormentor is solitary, not social, in its habits. The fly appears singly, not in a flight or swarm; and it is not anger, but instinct, that leads the creature to trouble the herd.

On October mornings, fine gossamer threads are seen overlying the grass, the hedges, and sometimes hanging high in air, to which Quarles thus refers:—

"And now autumnal dews were seen
To cobweb every green."

It was the old idea that gossamer, the web of the field-spider, was formed of dew evaporated by the sun's heat into threads.

In Milton, we have the working bee represented as the female:—

"Swarming next,
The *female* bee, that feeds her husband drone,
Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells
With honey stored."

The working bees which form the mass of the population are mules or neuters; the drones are the males; and of the queens, or females, there is usually but one in a hive.

Southey, in the "Curse of Kehama," mentions

"The *footless* fowls of heaven, that never
Rest upon the earth, but on the wing forever,
Hovering o'er flowers, their fragrance food inhale,
Drink the descending dew upon its way,
And sleep aloft while floating on the gale."

This is a reference to the gorgeous birds of paradise, which are limited to the little-known regions of New Guinea, and the adjoining Papuan archipelago, periodically migrating to the Moluccas when the spice plants are in bloom. In preparing and drying the skins, the natives were in the habit of removing the feet. In this state they were sold to the Malays, conveyed to India, and thence to Europe. Hence arose the idea that the birds had really no feet, and consequently never rested on the ground, but perpetually floated in the air. Linnæus styled one of the best-known species "footless," *Paradisea apoda*.

HAPPY MARRIAGES.

Ill-assorted marriages are, in a great number of instances, the result of parental remissness, in not beginning early enough to instil into the mind of the child such an aversion to certain traits of character, and such a high estimate of certain moral qualities, as a true wisdom would dictate in the premises.

It certainly is not an impossible thing to impress the youthful mind with an unconquerable repugnance against a character the most striking trait of which is a contemptible trickery, an abhorrent profanity, a little-souled meanness, or a degrading animalism; just as well may the young heart be fortified against loving the miser, the spendthrift and the gamester—against those whose prominent exhibitions demonstrate an irascibility, an all-absorbing selfishness or stony-heartedness; or a contempt of honest labor, of religion, or of pecuniary obligation. While our children may be early taught an aversion to such traits of character, their admiration may be cultivated for all that is manly and honorable and self-sacrificing; for all that is true and pure and generous; for all who are industrious, diligent and economical.

It is unwise to hope for domestic happiness in the possession of a single favorable trait of character; it is better to look for a combination, and they are to be most congratulated who can discern and woo and win the possessor of the largest number of good points. First of all, the man whom you love, the woman whom you adore, should possess a high sense of right and wrong; next, bodily health; and, thirdly, moral bravery, a courage to be industrious, economical and self-denying. With these three traits, principle, health, and a soul that can do and dare all that one ought to, domestic felicity will abide. None ought to marry, who cannot command the means of enabling them to live in comfort according to their station in life, without grinding economics.

It is useless to talk about love in a cottage. The little rascal always runs away when there is no bread and butter on the table. There is more love in a full flour-barrel than in all the roses and posies and woodbines that ever grew.

No mechanic should marry until he is master of his trade; nor a professional man until his income is adequate to the style of life which he determines upon; nor the merchant until his clear annual gains are equal to his domestic expenditures, unless indeed there are, in either case, independent and unconditional sources of income.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

THE IMPUDENCE OF THE PURPLE MARTIN.—As is the case with many familiar birds, such as the robin, the sparrow, and the swallow, the purple martin is a most fearless and withal quarrelsome bird, greatly delighting in annoying any other bird that may happen to be larger than itself, and trusting to its great command of wing for impunity. Hawks of all kinds, crows, jays, and similar birds live in constant terror of the purple martin, which no sooner sees the hateful form of a hawk or crow in the distance, than it flies at him savagely, and makes such rapid and vicious pounces, that the wretched victim is fain to escape as he best can from the attacks of his small but determined foe. Even the eagle enjoys no immunity from the persecution of the purple martin, which dashes at the regal bird with as much assurance as if it were only chasing a pigeon.

☞ High words. Conversation in a balloon.

"I'LL THINK OF THY KISS, LOVE!"

On the foam of the billow,
'Mid the roar of the deep—
On the calm of my pillow,
When the tempest's asleep—
At the blush of the morning,
When far o'er the sea
The gold of its dawning
Comes flashing and free—
At the darkling of daylight,
When slow sinks the sun
With the pride of a monarch
Whose conquest is won—
In the hour of sorrow,
In the moment of bliss,
I'll think of thy voice, love,
I'll think of thy kiss.

On the banks of the Douro,
'Mid the groves of old Spain,
When the wanton Bolero
Wakes passion again—
In the halls of Alhambra,
Where marbled appears
The splendor of kingdoms,
The ruin of years—
By the side of the fountain,
In the noise of its mirth,
'Mid the depths of the mountain,
Where the Bandit has birth—
In the hour of silence,
'Mid vesper and prayer,
I will think of our vows, love,
I'll wish thou wert there.

In the beauty of Florence,
Where art has her home—
'Mid the grandeur of Venice,
The ashes of Rome—
In the wrecks of past glory,
Whose skeletons seem,
In the vagueness of story,
The kings of a dream—
In the Carnival's madness,
When riot runs free,
And revel wins sadness
To share in its glee—
In the midst of their rapture,
In visions like this,
I will think of thy voice, love,
I'll think of thy kiss.

In the hush of the midnight,
When weary and lone,
The shadows shall haunt me
Of days that are gone—
And remembrance shall tell me
How like is my pride
To the half-buried column
That sleeps by my side,
No temple to claim it,
No worship to share—
Alone in its ruin,
Alone in despair;
Oh! then in my anguish,
How soothing the bliss,
To think of thy voice, love,
To think of thy kiss!

GEORGE HARLAND'S WOOING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

George Harland stood twirling his cane, and now and then switching off the pretty pink clover heads with this slender object of masculine worship, while pretty little Daisy Dimple reclined beneath the great sugar maple, twisting her little fingers in and out of a little tuft of violets, scattering the delicate petals ruthlessly about upon the dark green turf.

"Don't, Daisy. Don't tear the poor little flowers to pieces so. Is that the way you trifle with the hearts of you adorers; use them awhile for your own pleasure, and then crush them as you are crushing those poor little violets?"

Daisy repeated mockingly,

"Don't Georgie. Don't beat those poor flowers to pieces so. Is that the way you trifle with the *heads* of those that love you; use them awhile for your pleasure, and then beat them to pieces with your cane, as you do those poor clovers?"

George broke into a mellow laugh, but in a moment the serious, half-sad expression came back to his fine face, and he said pleadingly, as he bent his handsome head toward her,

"Gather them up, Miss Ellen, and give them to me for a parting gift. Then when far away, immersed in the toils and cares of the busy, humming city, I shall take out this little faded knot of flowers, and looking upon them, will fancy I see the sweet fresh flowers and fresh green grass of the quiet country. And above all, I shall see the face of my little friend, Daisy Dimple, peeping out at me through a clump of rosebushes, or from—behind a haystack! Give them to me, Daisy, please."

Ellen threw a handful of the mutilated flowers in his face with a merry laugh, and a "Take that for laughing at me!" but her merry face soon sobered down again into an expression of demure earnestness.

"Won't you, Daisy?" he asked again.

She looked up into his face one moment as if to read the real motive that prompted the request, and then without a word began carefully to gather up the freshest looking flowers and arrange them in a tasteful bouquet.

"I shall miss you so much, Daisy," said George sadly, as he watched the tiny dimpled fingers of the little country maiden, arranging the violets. "There's no one who would care half so much whether I was comfortable, as you have done, were I to fall ill again. Shall *you* feel sorry to have me go?"

"Yes," was answered in a clear, distinct tone, which disappointed Mr. Harland greatly. He wanted to detect a tremulous accent in the little hoyden's voice which should tell him she really *did* care. "I shan't have any one to romp with when you are away. Oh! Geordie, what will I do? I won't have any one to ride races with me, or hold the egg basket while I climb into the haymow to get eggs for fresh puddings. Oh!"

She pursed up her pretty little cherry lips with such a comical expression, that George Harland laughed again. But the next moment he was again serious.

"May I come again to Lotuswood in Autumn, Daisy? Say I may come?"

"To be sure you may. Do come and help me bend down the persimmon bushes for their delicious, puckery fruit, and I'll save the biggest pickles for you, and a whole lot of cherries to make rolls—you're so fond of them."

"Thank you."

He tried hard not to laugh again, but little Ellen Dimple possessed a strange power of making people merry, even with her brown eyes turned away from their faces, and her pretty little phiz peaked up in the most becoming gravity.

"Ellen, do throw aside your gaiety for once, and speak to me seriously," he plead, taking the soft, dimpled hand in his own. "Tell me that you care for me a little—that you are sorry to have me go, and will be glad to have me come again."

"Certainly, I care for you. I am quite sorry to have you go, and will be glad to have you come again," she answered, with such grave precision he was again baffled.

Was this gentle, hoydenish little country maiden, proof against his fascinations. He was greatly chagrined.

"I must leave you now, Daisy," he said, sadly. "But I shall carry away with me a remembrance of the happiest hours of my life. I can never forget this summer at Lotuswood."

Daisy's eyes drooped, and George Harland almost fancied he could see tears gathering upon the long, brown lashes. But that very pleasant illusion was dispelled in a moment, for she broke into a ringing peal of laughter.

"Oh! it was *so* funny!" she articulated through convulsive bursts of merriment. "I was just thinking about our long rambles, and happened to remember our race through the meadow, the time you tumbled into the frog-pond in trying to catch me for the cluster of ripe cherries I stole from your basket."

George colored deeply. The little imp had led him many a wild goose chase, from which he came off with anything but flying colors, and the remembrance of his many awkward blunders, mortified him beyond measure. However, he put a light face on the matter, and said coaxingly,

"Now, Daisy, one favor—only one, and I must go. Will you promise to grant it—this last request?"

"Conditionally. If agreeable to me, I'll grant it."

"Ah! Daisy! Well, it's this—give me just one kiss—only as a brother—kiss me once, just as you would kiss a brother at parting."

That was an admirable hit. Of course, she *must* kiss him now. She could not refuse to kiss a *brother*, and he would stand her in the stead of one. It could not wound even her delicacy to kiss him as she would a brother.

Ellen's eyes danced roguishly, but she looked very demure.

"Well, if you must go, good-bye. Geordie, take good care of yourself, and when you come down to Lotuswood, bring me the great wax-doll you promised me. There, now—bend down your head."

She placed her little plump white arms up over his neck with an irresistibly frank movement, and held up the tempting red lips in such close proximity, that George felt a tingling sensation to his finger ends, but just as he was about to press his own upon them, she darted away like a fawn, and a trilling laugh came ringing back to him, heightening his disappointment almost to anger.

"Confound the luck! That girl is absolutely maddening! I wish I'd never seen her!"

With this very amiable wish he whirled away and leaped the fence into the highway, and in a very little while the old lumbering coach was bearing him away toward the teeming city.

An hour later, Miss Daisy Dimple might have been seen seated at the little piano in the parlor of the great, rambling farm house, a room which had been rigorously closed since the coming of George Harland to Lotuswood farm.

Ellen had her own especial reasons for this, which we must admit, were somewhat romantic.

She had taken an idea into her little head, that he *might* fall in love with her, and if he did, she was resolved that it should be for her little self alone—not for any advantages of education or accomplishments she possessed, and little Ellen Dimple *was* both educated and accomplished.

"If a man could not love me enough for my *natural* self, without the aid of ornament, or mind, or body, he don't deserve to have me, and I'll never marry till I find one who would love and take me without shame, despite my hoydenish propensities and want of accomplishments. If I don't find him, why, I'll never marry," she said once.

This was an odd idea for the little miss, but odd as it was, she was carrying it out with George Harland. He should not know that she was anything but a simple, uneducated little country maid, and she would be more hoydenish than ever in his presence, and yet captivate him in spite of himself. Good Mrs. Dimple remonstrated against this, for she was proud of her pretty daughter's "fine ways" and "learning," but Ellen generally "ruled the mess," and had things her own way.

But we are digressing. Little Daisy sat at the piano with her head drooped upon the white ivory keys, and a few tears, as bright as pearls, glistened upon them, but there was a half sad, half mischievous smile on her red lips. Soon she raised her head, and a look of tenderness and intense longing swept over her fair face as she touched the keys with a soft strain.

"Come to me, dearest, I'm lonely without thee!"

"Heigho! what am I singing!" She checked herself suddenly, and a crimson wave stained her fair cheek till it was scarlet. Then she broke into a low, rippling laugh.

"What a little ninny I am," she said softly. "I'm sure I don't care anything about him! How handsome he did look, though, when he took those little violets and placed them in his bosom."

Then, as if to check the flood of her own thoughts, Ellen struck off into a brilliant waltz, and after playing it about half through, bounced up, and danced out of the room, swinging her hat, by the long blue ribbon, round her head as she went.

Her father met her at the foot of the stairs, holding a letter in his hand.

"For me, papa? Oh! from Cousin Lucy! I'm so glad!"

She broke the seal, and read little snatches aloud.

"Going to have a birth-day party, and you must be sure to come. Can't possibly get along without you."

"Oh, pa, may I go?"

"Where; to your cousin's party?"

"Yes."

"Do you wish it very much?"

"Oh, yes! It would be so nice. Say I may go, darling papa."

"You may go if you wish, certainly, my daughter, though we shall miss you very much. When will it be?"

"Let me see. Next week, Lucy says, and 'I must hurry.' Oh, how much will have to be done, fussing and fixing; and such a short time, too."

"Oh, don't fret. You can go to-morrow, and make Lucy help you with your wardrobe," said Mr. Dimple, stroking back great brown waves of hair from the smooth brow of his daughter.

"Oh, papa, you're so good, so kind to me! What would become of me without my dear, good parents!" and she kissed him in her quick, impulsive, hearty way.

The next morning, Miss Daisy Dimple took her seat in the lumbering old stage coach for St. Louis, and on the evening of the same day, arrived safely at her Cousin Lucy's residence.

Miss Lucy herself, and her mother, Mrs. Lemoine, met her with a welcome that warmed her little heart to the very core. Both were very kind-hearted, loving women, and loved little Daisy's innocent, artless face and prattle, better than anything else in the world.

For the next few days everything was hurry and bustle in Mrs. Lemoine's establishment. Ellen and Lucy sat half buried in heaps of ribbons, laces, feathers, and satins, and all sorts of finery heaped up in one indiscriminate mass.

"I intend you to look your very best, *ma petite* cousin," said Lucy, the day before that fixed for the party. *The Irresistible*—that is, Mr. George Harland—will be here, and he is the most noted masculine flirt in town. He actually believes it impossible for a girl to look at him without falling in love; while he, for his own part, is rock, adamant. He never felt a really tender emotion which might be dignified by the name of love. Oh! no; and don't intend ever to be so foolish. Teach him better, Daisy."

"I will," was the quiet response.

Lucy looked a little surprised at this, but she was used to Daisy's little oddities, and well knowing her power to carry out what she undertook, felt highly elated in anticipation of the fun she should have in seeing her little, romping country cousin "take the conceit" out of George Harland.

"You must act your very self," said Lucy. "Be the hoyden you really are, and yet manage to captivate him in spite of himself. He has a great horror of romps, or professes to have; and, oh! it would be such fun to have him actually propose to one in good earnest. But you must be careful of your own heart, Daisy."

"Never fear for *me*. I'll show you just how things ought to be done."

There was much laughing and planning between the two merry girls during the evening; much deliberate scheming and plotting for the destruction of Mr. George Harland's happiness, and they retired at a late hour, seemingly well satisfied with the plans they had decided to carry out.

Ellen never once mentioned her knowledge of the gentleman whom Lucy took great pains to describe, but kept her own counsel; anticipating a little private fun of her own, when Lucy should find out that George Harland has actually passed the summer at Lotuswood.

The birth-night came, grand and beautiful, and Mrs. Lemoine's spacious drawing-rooms were filled to overflowing. Ellen Dimple looked like a fairy with her vapory dress of white, looped up with little knots of scarlet verbenas, and a wreath of the same starry flowers encircling her fair brow and arms. She moved with perfect grace, and received the homage of the circle that crowded about her with all the ease and self-possession of the most finished coquette.

By-and-by there was a little stir in the crowd, and Lucy came to her side.

"Cousin Ellen, Mr. Harland—Miss Dimple, Mr. Harland."

Daisy looked up quickly, hesitated a moment, and then stretched out her hand to him.

"Mr. Harland, *you* here! I did not expect to see you again so soon!"

He clasped the hand she gave him with a mixture of pleasure and surprise, tinged, Daisy thought, with a little fear. He was pleased to find her there, looking so sweet and pure and lovely, but he dreaded a display of her hoydenish propensities and simple countryism beyond measure. His polite greetings were consequently constrained and embarrassed. Ellen saw that he was on thorns, and enjoyed it keenly. He stayed by her side, however, for there was a charm about her he could not resist. He had learned to love this simple child with all the strength of his strong, passionate nature, but he never once thought to marry her. That was out of the question. What would his proud sister say to such a match, and how could he, the pet of a large fashionable circle, introduce a little ignorant country maiden as his wife? That was absurd, and he dismissed the faintest shadow of such a dream.

"I presume you do not dance?" he said, as the crowd began surging toward the saloons whence came forth sounds of entrancing music.

"That depends upon whether any person invites me," she replied demurely. "I dance at home."

"Yes, but—country dances—you know—" he stammered rather confusedly. "Ours in the city are different."

"Oh! I dare say."

At this moment a gentleman came up to Miss Dimple requesting the honor of her hand for the first set, and with a slight nod to Harland, she placed her hand upon his arm and walked off. George looked after her, tingling in every limb. He fully expected to see the girl the laughing stock of the whole assembly, and he loved her too well not to feel agonized at the thought. However, he followed her, drawn by an irresistible desire to see what a figure she would make, and the result was indeed paralyzing. He could scarcely believe his own eyes when he saw her moving through the quadrille or whirling in the bewildering waltz, the admired of all admirers, and followed everywhere by a hum of rapturous admiration.

When he again gained a place at her side and requested the honor of her hand, she was "engaged," and remained "engaged" the entire evening.

During the weeks that followed, George Harland was a constant visitor at Mrs. Lemoine's. He was fascinated, bewildered with her beauty, and a few stray graces peeping inadvertently out from Daisy's hoydenish assumption, almost reconciled him to the idea of proposing at once.

At last passion *did* triumph over pride, and he resolved to marry her in spite of ignorance and hoydenism. He loved her better than all the world, and regardless of everything else, he would make her his wife, and thus secure his own happiness. So he dressed himself carefully, called upon her, proposed, and—was refused.

Did ever man receive such a blow? *She* to refuse *him*, after he had struggled so hard with his pride to reconcile himself to the sacrifice! Oh, it was too much! It half maddened him.

He scarcely ever knew how he got over the first week, but at the end of that time he had resolved to leave the scene of such bitter, lifelong disappointment, and seek forgetfulness in a distant land. He would see her once more, bid her farewell, and then leave forever.

He found her alone in the parlor, looking a little pale and sad, but perfectly calm and self-possessed. She held out her hand to him in her old, friendly way.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Harland."

"Are you? It will be the last time," he replied sadly. "I'm going away, Daisy."

"Going away?" there was a little flutter in her voice as she uttered the exclamation.

"Yes: why should I stay near you, hopeless, miserable. I have nothing to hope or care for now. Nothing to do but to seek forgetfulness."

Daisy was silent.

"Daisy," he said again, softly and pleadingly, "let me hear once more one of the little songs you used to sing for me at Lotuswood. Will you? Then I will leave you, and trouble you no more."

She crossed the room, much to Harland's surprise, and seated herself at the piano. Crossing the room he stood beside her, watching the little dimpled fingers, white as ivory moving so gracefully over the keys, and listening to the rich, well cultivated voice as it rose and swelled out mechanically, in a state of wild bewilderment. He could scarcely believe that it was the same voice he now heard, that had once trilled those simple airs for his amusement down at Lotuswood farm. And then the words—could he be dreaming?

"Oh! say not the world has no joy for thee,
Alone and all hopeless on life's troubled sea!
If love or compassion can gladness impart,
Then come to thy home, the home in my heart,
Evermore!"

He caught her in his arms, rained warm kisses upon her cheeks, lips, and forehead, almost sobbing with joy and thankfulness, and she did not struggle or strive to put him from her.

My dear readers, in a very short time from this period, George Harland's wooing had a happy termination, and he now claims little Daisy Dimple for a wife; now Daisy Dimple no more, but Mrs. Ellen Harland.

PROPOSED MONUMENT TO SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.

The above is a representation of the monument which it is proposed to erect to the memory of the great Scottish hero, Sir William Wallace. It is to be erected on Abbey Craig; the ascent to which is through a plantation by a steep path, which winds about the hill to its bare summit, two hundred and sixty feet above the plain. A pole sheathed at top with metal, and scribbled all over with names aspiring to the notoriety of such a record, indicates the site of the projected memorial; likewise a box to receive subscriptions. Here Wallace is said to have stood while his valorous Scots defeated the forces of Warrene and Cressingham at Kildean Ford, a bridge over Forth, on the 11th of September, 1297. The precipitous defile to the left is still called Wallace's Pass. In front, lies Stirling, its grey houses climbing the slope of the castle Rock; beneath winds the river in perpetual sinuosities.

In the neighborhood of this spot, is one of the oldest monuments in Scotland—two rude upright stones, said to commemorate the victory of Kenneth MacAlpine over the Picts, in the time of Charlemagne.

The proposed monument to Wallace, is to consist of a lofty and imposing Scottish baronial tower, upwards of 200 feet high and 36 feet square, having walls of a thick and massive construction, of not less than 15 feet thick at the base, and tapering to from 5 to 6 feet at the top. The masonry is to be of a strong and enduring nature. At the east side of the tower, according to the plan, is the keeper's house, between which and the monument is an open court-yard entered by a massive circular arched gateway, having bold mouldings characteristic of the Scottish baronial style, above which is placed the heraldic arms of Sir William Wallace. Passing through a gateway into a stone arched passage, a straight flight of steps set in the thickness of the wall leads to an open octagon winding staircase, the walls of which are of solid ashlar work. This staircase conducts to several spacious and lofty halls, the ceilings and floors of which are fire-proof, being arched with brick, having the floors laid with mosaic tiles. It is proposed to set apart these rooms as visitors' or reliquary rooms, or a museum for the reception of old armor and other antiquarian relics illustrative of Scottish history. The apex of the monument exhibits the form of an imperial crown, of much grace and beauty, at once forming a most appropriate and graceful termination to the whole, and which cannot fail to present a most striking outline when seen against the open sky. The summit of the monument will command magnificent views of a wide expanse of country.

It is curious to think of the veneration in which the memories of Wallace and Bruce are held in Scotland, and then remember that Scotland and England are now united countries, after the long, vindictive and bloody wars in which the Scottish heroes distinguished themselves against the English "by-and-by." Truly nature and circumstances are stronger even than human jealousy and hate.

THE WOODCUTTER'S STORY.

FROM THE GERMAN.

One beautiful afternoon in Spring I was sitting with my old friend the woodcutter, on the skirt of the wood which crowns the hill that looks down upon my native village. The sun began to decline in the west, and the still warm rays made golden chequered lights in the inviting shade of the forest. Clear and far-sounding was to be heard the song of the sprightly blackbird, whom I watched, and whose intelligent gold-bordered eyes I could see; the woodpecker hammered busily away at one of the hollow invalids of the wood, and a finch called his absent wife. No other sound but these interrupted the reigning agreeable quietness; not the slightest breathing of wind was there to move the tops of the green firs. It was one of those moments in which creation seems to keep sabbath, and to which the lively singers of the air give the sacred music. All at once, unexpected, there glided into this peaceful harmony a tumultuous rushing sound, as if the spirit of destruction was flying over the crowns of the mighty firs with gigantic wings; the tops of the trees bent down, and came in contact with each other, like human beings going to mutual attack.

I was terror-struck, and, expecting and fearing the downfall of these high trees, I ran wildly into the open field. I ran till I was a hundred paces from the edge of the forest, and then I took courage to look back for my old friend. He also had gone away a little from the wood, and was now standing there, quietly watching the strange disturbance of the elements. I felt ashamed of my hasty fright, when I saw his calm composure, and approached the wood again. Wonderful enough, the hurricane blew thus furiously over only a small piece of the wood, of scarcely one hundred fathoms. The crowns of the fir trees bent like feeble reeds in a whirlwind, but further off no branch moved, no leaf trembled. Staring in wonder, I looked on the strange mysterious phenomenon. It lasted about ten minutes; and then, as quickly as it had come, the movement subsided; the trees stood again straight, like soldiers under a rigid command; no leaf whispered, no branch moved.

"What was that?" I asked, awaking from my surprise.

My friend, who looked earnest and gloomy, but not frightened, answered:—

"I knew both of them, though they have now been buried these thirty years. They possessed, each of them, some land hereabouts; they were rich men, and respected, and yet they let themselves be tempted by the Evil One to move the marking-stone further into the wood; and it is exactly that piece upon which you saw the storm blow that they appropriated by their crime. But it brought them into a legal dispute with their neighbors; and it came to pass that they had to prove their *bona fide* (or whatever the lawyers call it) possession by a solemn oath. The parson, who instructed them about what a thing an oath is, spoke words piercing to the soul; how the perjurer cuts himself off from *his* God and Lord; how he renounces for ever a happy immortality, and binds himself over to the demon of darkness. On hearing this, the two men shuddered to the inmost fibre and marrow of their bodies, and mutually vowed, when going home, to desist from so infamous a deed.

"During the time of the process, their wives had lived in furious enmity with the wife's of their husband's adversaries. Now, the thought of giving in, and of leaving victory in the hands of their enemies, put these women in a state of fire and rage. They called their husbands cowards and fools, who were going to ruin their families on account of a silly fear. Thus upbraided, the good resolutions of the men were at length destroyed. The day for the sitting of the court had come. From far and near the people were collecting. The room was full; head appeared beyond head, and the two men had to stand forth. Doors and windows were then opened, and the judge read, with impressive voice, the warning against perjury. In thick drops stood the perspiration on the forehead of the two. But when the judge asked, for the last time, if they really were going to take the oath, they obdurately answered 'Yes.' Their hands rose, and, pale as death, they repeated the fearful form. The process was won. The multitude quitted the room, convinced that perjury had been committed."

This account made me shudder. My old friend looked earnestly in my face, and proceeded with the rest of the tale: "In the same year, God called from the earth those two men, in the fulness of their strength; and I have observed the dreadful inexplicable hurricane on the small, narrow piece of wood every year since, about the time of the perjury.

My old friend was evidently superstitious, like many of the poor people on the edge of the Black Forest, and elsewhere. The noise doubtless arose from any eddy of wind passing over the trees from a ravine in the mountains. At the same time I was not displeased to mark the horror in which "bearing false witness" was held, nor was I unmindful of the solemn imprecation in the old Mosaic law, "Cursed be he that removeth his neighbor's landmark!"

☞ Fun, says Quilp, is the most conservative element of society, and ought to be cherished and encouraged by all lawful means. People never plot mischief when they are merry. Laughter is an enemy to malice, a foe to scandal, and a friend to every virtue. It promotes good temper, enlivens the heart, and brightens the intellect. Let us laugh when we can.

☞ What strange things girls are. Offer one of them good wages to work for you, and ten chances to one if the old woman can spare any of her girls; but just propose matrimony, and see if they don't jump at the very chance of working a life-time for board and clothes.

The Age of Forty-Six.—Thomas Hood died at the age of forty-six, at the very moment when he had excited the greatest expectations. There seems to be a fatality at this period of life for a certain class of intellects, nearly as great as that which has rendered the age of thirty-seven dangerous to the higher ranks of artistic genius—to Raphael, to Mozart, to Burns, to Byron. It is the grand climacteric of a soldier's and the statesman's life. At forty-six Pitt gave up the ghost, and passed away in the prime of his powers. At forty-six Napoleon lost the battle of Waterloo, and ended his career. At forty-six Wellington won that battle, and may be said almost to have commenced his civil career. At forty-seven Nelson's hour had come at Trafalgar. In literature, we find that Spenser died at forty-six, Addison at forty-seven, Goldsmith at forty-six, Hood at forty-six.

☞ A garrulous fop, who had annoyed by his frivolous remarks his partner in the ball-room, among other empty things asked whether "she had ever had her ears pierced." "No," was the reply, "but I've had them *bored!*"

LETTER FROM PARIS.

A NEW ATTRACTION.

PARIS, Nov. 16, 1860.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

Among the many capital measures for which French prosperity will have to thank the practical talent of the present French sovereign—whatever judgment they may pass on other passages of his life and doings—is the creation of the very beautiful public park of the Bois de Boulogne, as it now exists, and in which he has the sole merit of having converted the ugly waste of scrubby trees and sickly herbage, formerly useful only to duellists, suicides, and the perpetrators of drunken frolics, into one of the most picturesque, extensive, and lovely of European promenade grounds. Since the Bois has risen to its present state of "beauty and fashion," all manner of subsidiary attractions have been added to it. There is a brilliant "*jardin*," rejoicing in the odd name of "The Catalanian Meadow," where "singing-coffee-houses," rare flowers, conjurors, concerts, billiards, lotteries, balls, and illuminations, by turns attract the public; and into which strangers visiting the Bois are almost sure to be entrapped by their cabbies, these gentry receiving a slight but welcome gratuity in the shape of drink for every visitor they bring to the establishment. The show of rhododendrons and other flowers, during the season, is so fine as to repay a visit even in the eyes of those who may not especially admire the somewhat flashy character of its other attractions. The buildings in this gay enclosure are of brick, fancifully colored, with profuse ornaments of openwork in wood; very tasteful and pretty, as French ornamentation is apt to be. Lighted up at night, with globes, balls, flowers, and stars of gas, and Chinese lanterns of every whimsical hue and fashion, hanging from the trees, paling, balconies, eaves, wherever they can by any possibility be hung, with the toilettes of the gaily-dressed crowd lighted up by the general glare, waiters hurrying about with refreshments, family parties discussing "sandveesh" and ices, young ladies and gentlemen highly rouged and whitened, and "got up" in the most approved theatrical style, singing away amidst a blaze of gas and gilding in the pretty little kiosks that serve for stage or concert room, with the stars or perhaps the moon looking down between the tree-tops, this garden offers as brilliant and amusing a scene as can well be imagined. Then there is an old mill, dating from heaven knows when, perched upon a hillock formed by cutting away the adjacent ground, and surrounded by a moat-like lake, over which you cross by a rustic bridge, and where you buy milk, cakes, coffee, and other simple refreshments; the view from this hillock being one of the finest in the whole park. There are also a number of waterfalls, tumbling over rocks that have been brought hither at a very great expense, and arranged with all the theatrical rusticity of a scene on the stage. They are nevertheless very pretty in their way; and every Sunday are clambered up to, behind, round, under, and through, by thousands of admiring visitors. They make a great noise, throw out a good deal of spray; and as you can get behind the largest of the falls, and even look over their "dizzy brink," the Parisian shopkeepers almost fancy, when they have climbed about them, that they have been to a second Niagara. There is the great lake, with scores of pretty boats, with or without awnings, in which you can row about for an hour or two, following its sinuosities, winding in and out among its islands and rocks, with their temples, their groves of flowering shrubs, and their rose-gardens, reflected about you in the water. Armies of rare ducks and gulls are there, begging for crumbs, and waxing insolent in their demands if not attended to. In another direction is the deer park, where hundreds of the shy antlered denizens of the forest are growing tame, and becoming familiar with the petting hands of children, of whom numbers are always watching outside the wire palings for the approach of some one of the graceful creatures, amiable enough to allow itself to be petted, and even—but that is rare—to be fed with crumbs. There is a great aviary, only just constructed, and not yet fully stocked; there is a race-ground, patronized by the Emperor and all the "knowing" ones among the aristocratic horse-lovers of the capital; and at which ladies of the highest fashion come out with their most splendid toilettes. As for the elegant *cafes* and *restaurants*, all mirrors and gilding, they are very numerous round the outer edge of the park, and even within it; having been allowed to establish themselves on various points, in fanciful little buildings—most of them exceedingly pretty—which are considered as adding to the sum total of the general attractions of the place. There is also the handsome palace built by the Emperor for his son and heir (if the Fates so will it!) at one of the entrances of the park, and close to the great rose-garden of the Porte de la Muette—one of the prettiest sights imaginable—and several ornamental constructions, peeping out here and there through the trees, and serving as the residences of the principal employees of the place. The Bois is traversed by several broad carriage roads with raised footpaths on either side of them, by many others reserved for equestrians, and by a still greater number of winding paths, only wide enough for promenaders. All these are kept in excellent order; and being laid out with great skill as well as taste, they offer a very considerable length of road. The grass has been subjected to an immense amount of petting, and is beginning to grow pretty well, though coarse, as French grass generally is. The public is prohibited from walking upon it, and is therefore deprived of the liberty of circulation which constitutes one of the principal charms of the public gardens in London. To persons shut up all the week in the close air of the town, and confined to the floors of their shops or work-rooms, the liberty of wandering freely in the open air, in every direction, feeling the pleasant softness and freshness of the turf beneath their feet, and of discussing the contents of pockets and baskets, seated on the grass, in some out of the way nook, adds very considerably to the pleasure of a visit to a place of this kind. But even with the abatement of pleasure consequent on this prohibition to walk upon the grass, a Sunday visit to the Bois is become one of the main pleasures of the Paris artisans, as the daily drive thither, through the rest of the week, has come to be a regular part of the day's employment for the wealthiest inhabitants of the capital. But perhaps the feature of the Bois which is becoming its main attraction is the new Zoological Garden of Acclimatation, which promises entirely to supersede the favor formerly enjoyed by the Garden of Plants. The latter is now so far from the centre of Paris, and has been driven, so to say, so far east by the enormous growth of the capital in a westerly direction, that few care to traverse the immense extent of ugly and ill-smelling streets which now separates the grounds of this establishment from the more elegant quarters of modern Paris. It is not likely that the establishment will be abandoned; its hot-houses, and constructions for the animals and birds collected there at so great an expense, its extensive museum, lecture-rooms, libraries, &c., are both too costly and complete to be lightly sacrificed, and will probably ensure its being kept up for many years to come, for the use of students, and the advancement of science. But the delicious air of its modern rival, its beautiful views, great extent, and numerous attractions, together with the fact of its being reached through the handsomest and most open quarters of Paris, give such an incontestible superiority to the Bois, that non-scientific visitors, wishing for a sight of rare birds, animals, and shrubs, will naturally prefer going to the special establishments of the Bois, rather than to those of the Garden of Plants; and thus the new garden in question has already come to be regarded as one of the chief attractions of Paris. Its grounds are close by the Porte des Sablons, and comprise an area of 33 acres, beautifully laid out in walks encircling the pens or enclosures where the animals are kept, and which are arranged on the same plan as those in the Garden of Plants, with picturesque little pavillions or cots, containing the stables. Unlike the Garden of Plants, this establishment only harbors such creatures of foreign origin as are fit for domestication; and the visitor would seek in vain for lions, tigers, bears, hyenas, rattlesnakes, boa constrictors, alligators, and other death-demanding horrors, warmed, fed, and carefully tended at an enormous expense, while crowds of children are starving in ignorance and misery, but will find these detestable monsters replaced by the hemoine, tapir, Chinese pig, zebu, yak, kangaroos, lama, alpacca, vicuna, and numerous valuable new varieties of sheep, goats, stags, antelopes, gazelles, and other useful and beneficent servants of the human race. The grounds are intersected by a streamlet, forming a series of islands, where various aquatic plants are grown; while other foreign specimens of the useful families of the vegetable kingdom abound in the beds with which the surrounding grass-plots are diversified. Ducks, swans, and geese, from Canada, Patagonia, the Sandwich Islands, Egypt, and other parts of the world, swarm in the rivulets, and give an air of animation to the scene.

On entering this charming enclosure, the visitor finds on his left an extensive hot-house, containing the various exotics whose produce is applicable to the arts and manufactures; for nothing is admitted here that is not applicable to some useful purpose. Farther on, upon the same side, is another building, containing a vast aquarium, divided into fourteen compartments, which, however, are not yet occupied, but will be filled with useful species of foreign fish. Beyond this, again, is an elevated artificial rock for the gazelles, pierced to form a grotto, from whose crevices two-footed visitors may enjoy the lovely view of the surrounding country, which may, or may not, be appreciated by the light-limbed and bright-eyed creatures.

An oblong building at the opposite end of the stream, contains stables, with ten stalls, for different quadrupeds of larger size; one portion of it serving as a refreshment-room for bipeds.

Turning to the opposite side of the stream, the first object that meets the eye, is a kind of semi-circular ampitheatre, with twenty-eight wire enclosures of poultry; and, farther on, a vast aviary, containing sixteen wired cages, each provided with a little fountain, and a group of shrubs, which pretty little houses are tenanted by peacocks, pheasants, doves, and other gallinacea.

No visitor should quit this beautiful and most interesting garden until after sunset; as he will then have had the amusement of seeing the keepers coaxing the inmates of the aviary into their respective roosting-places. These charming little feathered people have a will of their own, and they seem to be perfectly aware that they are not to be roughly handled, like the ordinary occupants of barn-yards and chicken-coops; and it is impossible to imagine anything more curious and diverting in its way than the duckings, divings, runnings, flights, and angry demonstrations of these spoiled fowls, who make as much fuss about going to roost, as the most wilful of petted children about going to bed.

The *kohk*, or building for rearing the various new varieties of silkworms—among others, the kind which feeds on oak-leaves—which it is hoped will prove a valuable addition to the silk-industry of France, completes the circle of attractions offered by this new establishment at present. Many new departments are to be added to these, in course of time.

A TERRIBLE VISITOR.

Before quitting the subject of animals, I must find room for the strange story just set agoing, by one of the Algerian journals, which vouches for the authenticity of the fact related, and declares, moreover, that similar incidents are narrated by the Arabs, as having occasionally occurred in the "life and manners" of lions.

According to the journal in question, an extensive conflagration of brush-wood having lately converted the plains in the neighborhood of Jemmapes into a complete sheet of fire, a large lion, surprised in his lair by the flames, and not knowing in which direction to escape, bounded off towards an Arab *douar*, putting to flight all the horses, mules, sheep, &c., which were round it. Seeing a tent open in the middle of the enclosure, the affrighted animal sought refuge inside it, the whole Arab family, to whom the *douar* belonged, being assembled within. They were, very naturally, horror-stricken at the sight of the intruder, whose bristling mane and rolling eyes threw them into the greatest consternation. The lion had crouched down at the entrance of the tent, completely barring the only outlet. There being literally no means of escape left to them, there was nothing for these unfortunate creatures to do, but to lie down quietly on the ground, keeping as still as possible, in the hope of not attracting the attention of their terrible guest. Huddled together in mortal terror, bathed in perspiration from excess of fright, and scarcely daring to draw a breath, the poor Arabs passed a night of agony such as rarely falls to the lot of mortals; but at day-break, the lion, who, on his side, had remained perfectly still, and taken no notice whatever of his unwilling hosts, got softly upon his legs, uttered a short, low roar, which he seemed to have made as gentle as he could, by way of adieu, and passing out by the opening of the tent, quitted the *douar* without attempting to molest the animals that tenanted it, and dashed off at a rapid pace for the mountains. An example of delicate behavior, and an indication of gratitude for service received, which might occasionally be imitated with advantage by guests possessing fewer legs than the lion.

QUANTUM.

MATCHES.

The fumes arising from Lucifer matches, says Dr. Hall's new book on Sleep and the ventilation of chambers, are so destructive to the girls employed in the factories, that some of the European governments have taken measures to suppress them. Horrible ulcers form in the flesh, and fasten on the jaw-bone, eating it away by slow degrees. A single box of common matches will scent a room for several days; and children have been poisoned by eating them, as they have a sweetish taste. It is, therefore, a matter of public gratulation that a patent has been obtained for making strela matches—a Russian term for "lightning." They are without sulphur and without smell; are beautifully varnished, and are warranted to stand both damp and hot climates. A box of sulphur-matches contains eighty, and retails at one cent; a box of strela matches contains one hundred and fifty at two cents. By the ten-gross, they are wholesaled at one dollar and sixty cents per gross of one hundred and forty-four boxes. They light instantly and easily.

FREAKS OF THE FUNGI.—The fungus is a *kindly friend, a fearful foe. We like him as* a mushroom. We dread him as the dry-rot. He may be preying on your roses or spoiling through the corks of your claret. He may get into your corn-field. A fungus has eaten up the vine in Madeira, the potato in Ireland. A fungus may creep through your castle, and leave it dust. A fungus may banquet on your fleets, and bury the payment of its feast in lime. Fungi are most at home upon holes of old trees, logs of wood, naked walls, pestilential wastes, old damp carpets, and other such things as men cast out from their own homes. They dwell also in damp wine-cellars, much to the satisfaction of the wine merchant when they hang about the walls in black powdery tufts, and much to his dissatisfaction when a particular species, whose exact character is unknown, first attacks the corks of his wine-bottles, destroying their texture, and at length impregnates the wine with such an unpleasant taste and odor as to render it unsaleable; more still to his dissatisfaction when another equally obscure species, after preying upon the corks, sends down branched threads into the precious liquid, and at length reduces it to a mere *caput mortuum*.

☞ Sometimes, in musing upon genius in its simpler manifestations, it seems as if the great art of human culture consisted chiefly in preserving the glow and freshness of the heart.

☞ Sectarianism is a miserable, short-sighted prejudice. It makes you hate your neighbor because he eats his oysters roasted, while you prefer them in the shell.

☞ People seldom love those who withstand their prejudices, and endeavor to control their passions.

☞ Those who shun society are either very strong or very weak.

☞ He who plays with his fingers for a living, will often find them all thumbs.

☞ During a rehearsal, Braham said to Tom Cooke, who was the conductor:

"Now, Tom, keep the piano quiet here, because just at this part, to give effect I intend dropping my voice."

"Do you? By the powers," said Tom, "whereabouts?—for it's just the sort of voice I should like to pick up!"

☞ "Why, you rascal," said Radcliffe, the great physician, to a pavior who damned him, "do you pretend to be paid for such a piece of work? Why, you have spoiled my pavement, and then covered it over with earth to hide your bad work."

"Doctor," said the pavior, "mine is not the only bad work the earth hides."

"You, dog, you," said Radcliffe, "you are a wit. You must be poor; come in, and you shall be paid."

☞ The customers of a certain cooper caused him a vast deal of vexation by their saving habits, and persistence in getting all their old tubs and casks repaired, and buying but little new work. "I stood it, however, said he, "until one day old Sam Crabtree brought in an old 'bung hole,' to which he said he wanted a new barrel made. Then I quitted the business in disgust."

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Asia, at New York, on the 7th, brings advices to the 25th.

The allied army was waiting in hostile position before Pekin.

Negotiations have been opened by the Chinese, but not in a supplicatory manner.

The Piedmontese Parliament will be convoked, and forthwith dissolved, in order to be replaced by the Italian Parliament.

A decree has been issued by the French Government, permitting the exportation of iron ore free of duty.

There are rumors of the probable visit of Napoleon to England, to meet the Empress at Windsor.

A letter says that the Archbishop of Paris has called the clergy of Paris together, and urged them to collect money for the Pope, in spite of impediments raised by the authorities.

It is said that, according to ancient precedent, if the Emperor could find three prelates sufficiently docile to join in the imposition of hands, the Pope's assent to Episcopal appointments would be unnecessary.

It is stated that, in a private communication lately addressed to Victoria Emmanuel, the Emperor of the French intimates that if, within a period, King Francis does not evacuate Gaeta, the French fleet will no longer interfere with the operations of the Sardinian squadron against the city. The Piedmontese Government appears to look upon the French intervention along the Roman frontier as a blind.

ARRIVAL OF THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.—PLYMOUTH, Nov. 23.—The royal yacht Victoria and Albert, with the Austrian standard at the main, and having on board the Empress of Austria, arrived this morning. A royal salute was fired from the citadel and from the ships in the Sound, and the Port Admiral and officials proceeded on board to pay their respects to her Majesty. The Victoria and Albert went into harbor to coal, and is expected to leave for Madeira this evening, in company with the royal yacht Osborne. It is probable her Majesty will land during the day.

Mr. Dallas, the American Minister, and Mrs. Dallas, had been on a visit to Windsor Castle, as guests of Queen Victoria. The event was regarded as a courteous acknowledgment of the hospitality extended to the Prince of Wales at Washington, and the enthusiastic reception which was accorded to him throughout the United States. During the stay of Mr. Dallas at the Castle, Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell were likewise guests of her Majesty.

The Empress Eugenie had arrived in Scotland, and was temporarily sojourning at Edinborough, preparatory to her visit to the Duke of Hamilton. A statement, however, was current, that the Empress would not make any personal visits until after she had paid her respects to Queen Victoria.

It is announced that the English Ministers at Vienna and Berlin, Lords Loftus and Bloomfield, are to change places.

A report was current that the inquiry as to the cause of the failure of the Red Sea Cable has been hushed up, and that the suit pending between Newall and the contractor was to be compromised. It was supposed that no such arrangement would be tolerated by the Government.

The British steamer Bulldog, Captain McClintock, had returned to Portsmouth, after her survey of the deep sea route for the proposed North Atlantic Telegraph Cable. Nothing known, officially, as to the result of the soundings, but it is known that the Bulldog experienced very stormy weather, and other drawbacks in carrying out his mission.

The Prince of Wales has resumed his studies at Oxford.

Count Morny is going to Rome on a special mission, with an autograph letter from the Emperor.

The clergy in the Neapolitan provinces are paying homage to King Victor Emmanuel.—The Cardinal Archbishop of Naples is absent, but will return to his See.

The siege of Gaeta was continued. The Piedmontese bombarded the suburbs on the 19th ult. The Neapolitan troops continued to fight resolutely, but the defection among the officers continued. It is believed that the evacuation of Gaeta has been resolved on.

A Vienna letter speaks of a guarantee from the Germanic Confederation, joined by Russia, for securing Venetia to Austria, as necessary for the security of Germany.

Explanations are said to have been asked of Piedmont by France whether it was with its sanction that Garibaldi signified his intention to attack Venetia in the spring. The plan attributed to Garibaldi is to land in Dalmatia, and from thence to go to Montenegro, raise the population, in order to compel the Austrians to keep a considerable force on that side, while the Piedmontese are busy before Venetia.

A statement is current that the English Government intimated to France its intention of recognizing the new kingdom, and Napoleon signified his willingness, provided it was postponed until the King of Naples evacuated Gaeta.

Reactionary movements are at work, and it is said the five Neapolitan provinces of Alvazzi have finally risen in insurrection.

LIVERPOOL, Nov. 23.—A despatch from Naples, dated to-day, says that Francis II. has ruptured a blood vessel. A steamer arrived from Gaeta for medical assistance.

The Queen mother and children had left Gaeta for Rome.

The Empress Eugenie was to return to France on the 10th of December.

It is stated that negotiations for the cession of Venetia have been commenced.

The result of the Presidential contest in the United States is generally commented upon by the English papers with satisfaction.

THE MARKETS.—Breadstuffs are dull, and declining. Provisions dull. Cotton dull.

☞ "Your honor," said a lawyer to the judge, "every man who knows me, knows that I am incapable of lending my aid to a mean cause." "That's so," said his opponent, "the learned gentleman never *lends* himself to a mean cause; he always gets cash down."

☞ The greatest and noblest stand against oppression, has ever been the ink-stand.

☞ A certain cure for the headache. The guillotine. Removes it at once.

☞ Beyond the science of the oculist. A window blind.

☞ Though so great an adept in jurisprudence, the present Lord Chancellor, when Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, was very little inclined to enter into a lawsuit himself, (a caution rather peculiar to all great lawyers.) One night, on his return to Knightsbridge, his steward came in to tell him that one of his tenants had cut down two great trees upon a farm of which his lordship was proprietor.

"Well," said Lord Campbell, "and what did you say to him?"

"Say to him! Why I told him we should trounce him well with a lawsuit."

"Did you? Then you must carry it on yourself; for I shall not trouble my head about it."

☞ 'Tis little troubles that wear the heart out. It is easier to throw a bomb shell a mile than a feather—even with artillery.

☞ A Western paper published a number of verses a few days ago—one as follows:

That rainy day I met her,
When she tripped along the street,
And with petticoats half lifted,
Showed a dainty pair of feet.

Next day the editor corrected an error in the last line: "For 'dainty' read 'dirty.'"

☞ "Dora, what did you do with that tallow that Mr. Jones greased his boots with this morning?" "Please, marm, I greased the griddle cakes with it." "You did? that was right. I was afraid you had wasted it."

☞ A man who marries a frivolous, showy woman, fancies he has hung a trinket round his neck, but he soon finds it a millstone.

☞ When men have the heart to do a very bad thing, they seldom want the face to bear it out.

☞ My friend, the foreigner, called on me to bid farewell before he quitted town, and on his departure, he said, "I am going *at* the country." I ventured to correct his phraseology, by saying that we were accustomed to say, "going into the country." He thanked me for this correction, said he profited by my lesson, and added, "I will knock *into* your door on my return."

☞ A San Francisco paper states that a system of wife-stealing has been developed among the Chinese of that city, which seems to be carried on upon some recognized and semi-legal principle, that the Celestials understand and accept. If a wife be once fairly carried off, that seems to be the end of the matter, the bereaved husband's only chance of solace being confined to his hopes of carrying off somebody else's wife.

☞ A dashing foreman to a tailor in Glasgow, having got a holiday to go to see her Majesty, and dining in a mixed company, wished to impress those present with the immense importance of his services to his employers. "Though I say it, that should not say it," quoth Snip, "if it was not for me, our people could not carry on their business." "I can very well believe you," said one of the party; "I never yet heard of a tailor who could carry on his business without his *goose*."

☞ God often lets us stumble to put us on our guard against a fall.

☞ In wearing out this body in well doing we are earning a better one.

☞ IMPORTANCE OF THE LETTER H.—It is said that while stopping at the Burnet House, Cincinnati, one of the Prince of Wales' suite occupied room "L." During his absence one day for a stroll, some one locked the room, and the gentleman, on his arrival soon after, astonished the clerk by asking for the "key to h—ll," meaning, of course, "L." Being a Hinglishman, he was excusable for thus applying the H.

☞ Some statistical person in the West writes that "thirty men have been killed or wounded for life by threshing machines in Indiana during the present season."

☞ "Brave men bare their bosoms to their enemies—fashionable women to friends and enemies alike.

A thorough-bred man and many ladies' boots and shoes, all the brogue-Anns come from Ireland.

☞ A flirt is like the dipper attached to a hydrant, every one is at liberty to drink from it, but no one desires to carry it away.

☞ Praises are valuable only when they come from lips that have the courage to condemn.

☞ Cover a fool with gold and he will pass current.

☞ A gentleman passing through some public office was affronted by the clerks, and was advised to complain to the principal, which he did thus: "I have been abused by some rascals of this place, and I came to acquaint you of it, as I understand you are the principal."

☞ PRESERVATION OF CUT FLOWERS.—It is stated that cut flowers may be kept fresh for any length of time by the introduction of a spoonful of powdered charcoal into the water contained in the vessel in which they are placed. Neither charcoal nor water require renewal—the latter remaining limpid.

☞ INDIA-RUBBER SEATS.—Garden-seats, made of vulcanized India-rubber, have been introduced as an improvement; their elasticity saves discomfort to the sitter.

THE HOUSE COMMITTEE ON THE UNION.—The Committee of one from each State, appointed by the Speaker, to take into consideration the secession movements, is as follows: Mr. Corwin, of Ohio, Chairman; Virginia, Mr. Millson; Massachusetts, Mr. Adams; N. Carolina, Mr. Winslow; New York, Mr. Humphrey; South Carolina, Mr. Boyce; Pennsylvania, Mr. Campbell; Georgia, Mr. Love; Connecticut, Mr. Perry; Maryland, Mr. Davis; Rhode Island, Mr. Robinson; Delaware, Mr. Whiteley; N. Hampshire, Mr. Tappan; New Jersey, Mr. Stratton; Florida, Mr. Hawkins; Wisconsin, Mr. Washburne; California, Mr. Burch; Minnesota, Mr. Windom; Kentucky, Mr. Bristow; Vermont, Mr. Morrill; Tennessee, Mr. Nelson; Indiana, Mr. Dunn; Louisiana, Mr. Taylor; Mississippi, Mr. Davis; Illinois, Mr. Kellogg; Alabama, Mr. Houston; Maine, Mr. Morse; Missouri, Mr. Phelps; Arkansas, Mr. Rust; Michigan, Mr. Howard; Texas, Mr. Hamilton; Iowa, Mr. Curtis; Oregon, Mr. Stout.

Politically, the Committee is composed of 16 Republicans, 15 Democrats, and 3 Americans.

IN DEATH THEY WERE NOT DIVIDED.—The Wheeling Intelligencer says:—A singular funeral, and a still more singular burial, took place up in our neighboring town of Washington, Pa., last Wednesday. Patrick Bryson and his wife were interred in the same grave. They were an old couple—he 94, and she but few years his junior. He died on Sunday night, and she on Tuesday, and the corpses of both were lifted and carried in the same funeral train, to the same grave, and then committed to "the dust from whence they sprang," side by side. They had lived together, as man and wife, for 68 years, coming from Ireland soon after their marriage. They had resided in the town of Washington for 65 years, and had raised a large family, and seen Washington rise from a wilderness to what it is now. They were plain, good, quiet, old-fashioned people, who had commenced the morning of life together, and continued through the noontide to its close.

A GREAT REFORM COMMENCED.—We are pleased to find that the practice of making the scholars learn all their lessons during school hours has been adopted in a portion of our public schools, and it will doubtless be extended to them all. We hope that this step is but the beginning of a great reform, and that the whole practice of stuffing the mind with a mass of undigested matter will be abandoned. An eager desire to make a great show for the time or for the money expended, is the most pernicious vice of our educational system, it leads to a hasty slurring over of lessons half understood, and begets a habit of being satisfied with vague ideas, which is very apt to continue through life. The most rapid mode of teaching is that which requires every lesson to be thoroughly mastered and comprehended before it is passed by. A scholar with this habit of study, will soon overtake another who is far in advance with crude and superficial notions of his studies. If parents or teachers are very anxious that a child should learn rapidly, let them insist that the lessons shall be few and short; no more than the child can learn both thoroughly and easily.—*Scientific American.*

☞ A clergyman, happening to get wet, was standing before the session-room fire to dry his clothes, and when his colleague came in, he asked him to preach for him, as he was very wet.

"No, sir, I thank you," was the prompt reply: "preach yourself—you will be dry enough in the pulpit."

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The sales of Flour during the past week reached some 7000 bbls, mostly taken for shipment, at $4,75@5 for common mixed and straight superfine; $5,12½ for good city mills do; $5@5,25 for Western and Penna extra, and $5,25@5,50 for extra family, and from $5,75 to $6,50 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour sells in lots as wanted at $3,75. Corn Meal is but little inquired for, and Penna Meal is nearly nominal at $3,25 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat have fallen off. Sales reach about 30,000 bus, in lots, at from $1,18 to $1,25 for common to good and choice Western and Penna Reds; $1,30 to $1,37 for Southern Reds, the latter for prime lots, afloat, and $1,25 to $1,33 for common to good and prime White, mostly in store. Rye is selling in a small way on arrival at 75@76c for Penna. Southern is dull and lower, with sales at 68@70. Corn comes in slowly; some 25,000 bus old Yellow, mostly Southern, having been sold at 64@67c, as in quality, chiefly at 65@66c, afloat. New is scarce and in demand at 58@60c, as to condition. Oats unchanged, and about 18,000 bus sold at 30@31c for inferior, 32@33c for good and prime Southern, and 33@34c for Penna. Barley is very quiet.

PROVISIONS—The market for the Hog product generally is dull and lower. Mess Pork has been selling in a small way at $17¼@18. A sale of old Mess was made at $17¼ ₱ bbl. Dressed Hogs are quoted at $6@6¼ the 100 lbs. Beef ranges at $12@14 ₱ bbl, the latter for city packed, but the demand is only for ship stores. 70 bbls Beef Hams brought $15. Bacon moves off slowly in lots as wanted at 12@13c for city cured Hams; 11c for Sides, and 9c for Shoulders. Lard is scarce, but there is very little demand for it, and we quote bbls and tcs at 11@11½c ₱ lb. Roll Butter is selling moderately at 16@17c, but packed is dull, and sales are reported at 9½@10c. Cheese is steady at 10@11c ₱ lb, and a moderate business to note. Eggs are dull and rather lower, and we quote them at 18c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—The market has been very dull this week; some 450 bales, mostly Uplands, have been disposed of at irregular rates, ranging from 8 up to 12c, cash and 4 mos, chiefly at 10¼@11¼c ₱ lb, cash, the latter for middling fair quality.

BARK—Quercitron meets with a steady demand at the decline, and further small receipts and sales of *1st No 1 are reported at $26 ₱ ton. Tanners' Bark is dull, and we are only advised of* a sale of Peach Oak at $6½ ₱ cord.

BEESWAX is unsettled and lower, buyers only offering 30@30c ₱ lb.

COAL—Prices are steady and steadier, but very little going East, the demand being mostly to supply the New York market, and to go south.

COFFEE—The market is dull and drooping, and a few small sales are reported at 12¼@13¼c for Rio; 14c for Laguayra, on time.

COPPER—Both Sheathing and Yellow Metal continue dull and prices about the same.

FEATHERS move off as wanted at 48@50c ₱ lb for good Western, mostly in a small way.

FRUIT is plenty and dull; green Apples selling as wanted at $1@2 ₱ bbl. Dried do at 3½@4c; Peaches 6@8c for unpared; 10@12c ₱ lb for pared do, and Cranberries at $6@10 ₱ bbl, as in quality.

HEMP is quiet, the stock being nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HIDES—There is very little demand for any kind, and prices are nominally unchanged.

HOPS are inactive, new crop Eastern and Western selling in a small way, at 33@36c ₱ lb.

IRON—The market for this staple continues almost at a stand still, the sales being confined to a few small lots of Anthracite Pig Metal at $23 for No. 1, and $22 for No. 2, on time. In Scotch Pig we hear of nothing doing, and prices are nearly nominal. Blooms and Boiler plates are quiet, and bars and rails meet with a limited demand at previous quotations.

LEAD—The stock in first hands is light, but we hear of no sales.

LEATHER—There is more demand for prime stock, both for the supply of our own and the Eastern markets, and prices are steady.

LUMBER continues dull, the active season being over. White Pine Boards move off as wanted, at $14@17. Yellow Pine sell slowly at $14@15. Hemlock raft Lumber is selling at from $7 to $8 ₱ M. Laths are more plenty, and generally held above the views of buyers.

MOLASSES continues dull and unsettled; some small sales from an arrival of new crop New Orleans, the first of the season, are reported at 36@38c ₱ gallon.

PLASTER—There is none offering or selling, and we quote soft nominally at $2,75 ₱ ton.

RICE—The stock is light, and the market rather firmer, with a small business to note at 3¾c@4c ₱ lb, cash and time.

SEEDS—The market for Cloverseed has been unsettled and lower, with sales of 2000 bus at from $5 to $5,75 for common to good and prime quality, closing without much demand at our highest figures. Timothy and Flaxseed have been very quiet, and prices nearly nominal at $2,37½@2,50 for the former, and $1,50@1,53 ₱ bus for the latter.

SPIRITS—There is very little doing in Brandy and Gin, and no changes in the market. N. E. Rum moves off as wanted at 38@39c. Whiskey is unsettled and lower, with moderate sales of bbls at 19@20c for Pennsylvania and Western, as to bois; 18½@19c for Drudge, and 19@19½c for hhds, closing at our lowest figures.

SUGARS continue dull and unsettled, buyers taking hold in a small way only at about previous prices, and a few small sales of Cuba, New Orleans, and Porto Rico, are reported at from 6 to 7¼c, on time; a cargo of new crop New Orleans, the first of the season, has just arrived. Refined Sugars are ½@¾c lower.

TALLOW is dull and unsettled, and in the absence of sales we quote city at 10c, and country at 8½@9c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO is moving off in a small way only, mostly to supply the trade, at about previous rates.

WOOL—There is little or no movement to notice in the market for the staple, and the week's sales are in a small way only at about previous quotations.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1892 head. Prices have changed but little, $9 ₱ cwt being received for best Beeves, though a number of cattle were disposed of as low as $6,50 ₱ cwt. Sheep—5500 head sold at from 9 to 10c ₱ lb dressed, for live weight. 2479 Hogs were sold at from $7 to 7,50 ₱ cwt.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Dec. 8.—FLOUR heavy; sales of 4000 bbls at $4,50@4,90 for Southern. Wheat dull and nominal. No sales. Corn heavy; sales of 15,000 bus at 50c for mixed. Lard dull at 10@10¼c. Whiskey dull at 17@17½c.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE PLOUGHING FATHERS.—A new religious corporation has been established in Algeria, under the name of "The Ploughing Fathers." These monks have imposed on themselves the tasks of ploughing successively and gratuitously all the uncultivated portions of the soil of that colony, which they will then make over to the State for the use of emigrants.

A FEMALE INVENTOR.—Elizabeth M. Smith, of Burlington, New Jersey, has patented a much desired improvement in reaping and mowing machines, which renders their use a matter of safety, consisting of a device for throwing them in and out of gear by means of the driver's seat. Thus, when the driver takes his seat, his weight throws it into gear, and when he leaves his seat the machine is thrown out of gear.

THE BURNHAMS IS LUCK.—The Rutland (Vt.) Courier states that John Burnham, formerly of that county, but now of Wisconsin, is believed to be the heir of a small fortune of twenty-two millions of dollars. The British Government were obliged to hunt him up, as the heir of John Burnham, who died many years ago. The present John becomes heir through a relative who settled at Ipswich, Mass. There is no mistake in this case of fortune hunting, or fortune seeking an heir, as it is said the papers are all made out.

PARIS CROWDED.—Such is the crowded state of the Paris throughfares that during the past year five thousand persons have been wounded, and seven hundred killed, by the vehicles of all kinds which fill the streets, and render the crossings of the latter almost impossible to pedestrians. The creation of underground railways and of crossing bridges for foot-passengers is proposed, and will probably be decided upon.

BUILDING SOCIETIES IN ENGLAND.—Building societies are now most important institutions in England. It seems that there are now about 2,000 of them in existence, and that their paid-up capital is not less than forty millions dollars.

THE Boston Medical and Surgical Journal says, that tobacco, when smoked, prevents a clergyman's sore throat. It has been said that few if any instances, of this affection can be found to exist in those in the habit of smoking, and we know of one or two instances where it yielded at once to the influence of tobacco. It probably acts by allaying commencing irritation, which, if allowed to increase, would end in inflammation, and perhaps by counteracting any spasmodic condition of the surrounding muscles—a very natural source of trouble in this distressing disease.

THE population of New York city, according to the Census, is 814,277.

THE HOG CHOLERA.—One house in Lafayette, Indiana, has lost 1,400 hogs by the cholera this season, and the disease still prevails all along the Wabash.

MONS. SOLAR, who in 1848 had not money enough to buy a dinner every day, and who now is worth $600,000, has wisely retired from 'change, where he made his rapid fortune. He has bought a fine estate near Bordeaux, and divides his time, henceforth, six months on his estate, three months at Naples, and three months in Paris.

THE Pennsylvania coal trade is unprecedentedly lively; 22,000 tons have been brought on this week more than last.

THE centrifugal gun was exhibited in Boston last week. It is claimed by the inventor, Mr. Dickenson, that this gun will throw 500 balls per minute at a long rifle range, without powder or cap, simply by turning a crank like a coffee-mill. The balls are *fed into a funnel* with a shovel, from which the gun feeds itself. It throws its shot singly, but continuously, at a rate equal to the ceaseless fire of 10,000 men.

PROFESSOR WHITWORTH has been practicing on the credulity of the residents of Yeovil, a rural town of England, by displaying his skill in electro-biology. One young man, whom he had got under his power, was made to believe that a gentleman near him was a young woman; and under the direction of the professor, the former was made to fall violently in love with the latter. He displayed his affection by walking up to its object and kissing him several times. So enraged and insulted was the victim of the electro-biologic art, that he caned the professor violently in the presence of his audience; and innumerable summonses, and cross summonses have been the result. What the lawyers will make out of this scientific case remains to be seen.

A YOUNG man named Luke Divine, living with Mr. S. E. Todd, at Lake Ridge, Tompkins county, N. Y., husked in one forenoon, and quit at 12 o'clock, M., *forty bushels of* corn, and bound up all his stalks but five stocks. The corn, while standing, was said to be the best in the region. Whoever beats this job of husking will have to get up pretty early in the morning, as the doer probably did to perform it.—*Franklin Visitor.*

RATHER PARTICULAR.—A lady of Boston, Mass., writing to a friend, says:—"A ragged little urchin came to my door not long since, asking for old clothes. I brought him a vest and pair of pants, which I thought would be a comfortable fit. Young America took the garments and examined each, then, with a disconsolate look, said, 'there ain't no watch pocket!'"

ONE OF THE "YANKEE TRIBE."—A little incident which occurred to a correspondent of the New York Sun, in North Wales, indicates the amusing ignorance of some of our transatlantic cousins respecting America and Americans. In the cars to Holyhead (he says) I fell into conversation with a plump and comfortable looking Welsh woman who, on learning that I was an American, inquired, with considerable curiosity, "What tribe do you belong to?" "To the tribe of Yankees," was my instant rejoinder. She nodded in a satisfied manner, and said "she had heard of them."

A DESPATCH from New Orleans says the planters are holding back their cotton, with the design of arresting any further downward movement of the staple. The decline already submitted to on the balance of the crop yet to be received (estimating the whole crop at 4,000,000 bales), amounts in round figures to about $15,000,000.

ABOLITION OF PASSPORTS IN FRANCE.—The Paris correspondent of the Newark Advertiser says it is in contemplation to abolish the passport system in France. The subject is now under examination of the French Government.

THE Georgia Methodist Conference, now in session, has appointed a committee to prepare an address condemnatory of the custom in the Navy of requiring the use of the Episcopalian form of service on board of ships of war.

REAL ESTATE IN DUBUQUE—THE ASCENDING AND DESCENDING SCALE.—The Dubuque Herald publishes the following summary of the assessment rolls of Dubuque for a number of years:

Assessments	1854,	$3,782,638
"	1855,	4,323,660
"	1856,	8,231,226
"	1857,	10,306,000
"	1858,	6,060,017
"	1859,	4,854,000
"	1860,	2,625,862

These figures show a rapid advance in the value of real estate, which culminated in 1857, and still more rapid decline since then, until the assessed value of Dubuque real estate now is less than it was six years ago.

UNSEEN LABOR.—"Caustic," the able correspondent of the London Weekly Dispatch, has the following pithy paragraph in one of his letters:

"The unseen labor of London is worth a hundred fold of that which is seen. That unseen labor becomes visible enough in its fruits, though those are rarely traced to their origin. Mental labor feeds London bodily.—Take away the earnings by the brain from this metropolis, and the earners by the hand would soon see how much less they might find to do. Two-thirds of their bread would be wanting to them. The brain-work helps mightily to create the demand as well as to supply the means. It was calculated that by merely writing his novels, Walter Scott found employment and pay for what would be a town of thirty or forty thousand inhabitants; and those directly benefited, the suppliers and the professional dependent on the workers, were not, I believe, included. I take this as the most familiar instance. Take a newspaper like the one whose editor I am addressing; its brain-work is the life of hundreds of industrial families."

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 5th instant, by Mayor Henry, at the La Pierre House, JOHN RHOADS, of Del. county, to ELIZABETH B. PASSMORE, of this city, eldest daughter of John L. Passmore, Esq.

At Chestertown, Kent county, Md. on the 29th of Nov. by the Rev. Geo. C. Stokes, WILLIAM H. WELSH, Esq. of York, Pa. to SALLIE A. WICKES, daughter of Col. Jos. Wickes.

On the 3d instant, at St. Mark's Church, by the Rev. Saml. F. Appleton, FRANKLIN MCCREA, to MARY FULTON, daughter of Chas. Blight.

On the 8th ultimo, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. JOHN C. COLE, to Miss HANNAH ELY, both of this city.

On the 17th of Oct. by the Rev. M. W. Combs, Mr. JAMES BARNES, to Miss LIZZIE C. VAN BLUNK, both of this city.

On the 29th ultimo, at the residence of Capt. Wm. A. Gray, by the Rev. F. Moore, Mr. ALEX. GRAY, to Miss AMANDA BEESLEY, daughter of Wm. Beesley, Esq. both of this city.

On Thursday evening, Nov. 29th, by the Rev. Wm. H. Luckenbach, Mr. FRED. REIMOLD, to Miss AMANDA KESSLER, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Tuesday morning, Nov. 27th, of diptheria, CADDIE N. daughter of Mary N. and W. N. Hamilton, M. D. of Odessa, Del. aged 11 years.

On the morning of the 2d instant, ARTHUR H. MONTGOMERY, eldest son of the late William J. Montgomery, and grandson of the late Andrew Manderson, Sr. in his 30th year.

On the morning of the 4th instant, IRMA JOSEPHINE, daughter of the late Jos. Sevelinge.

On the 29th ultimo, PETER ALLARDICE, in his 87th year.

On the 2d of Dec. HENRY WHITE, in his 67th year.

At Carlisle Barracks, Nov. 30th, WILLIAM M. WILSON, son of the late Jas. Wilson, of Carlisle, Pa. in his 32d year.

On the 2d instant, Mr. CHARLES L. CARRE, aged 73 years.

On the 1st instant, Mrs. CATHARINE DANFIELD, wife of Conrad Danfield, Sr. in her 90th year.

On the 2d instant, ELIZABETH DEAVER, wife of Wm. Deaver, in her 40th year.

On the 3d instant, Mr. AUGUSTUS EHLMANN, in his 38th year.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1868		
" " '62	108	—
" " '67	109	—
" " '68	109	—
" 5 " coupon '74s	102¼	
Phila 6 pr ct, old	93½	94½
" " new	—	94½
" 5 "	84	—
Pitts 6 pr ct,	75	—
" " coupon	72	—
All'gy City 6 pr ct,	65	75
" County	49	60
Penn 6 pr ct,	100	—
" 5 "	96½	—
Tenn 6 "	—	85½
" 5 coupon	—	82
Kentucky 6 pr ct,	—	104½
Missouri "	85½	—
Ohio " 1886	108½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct,	98½	99½
Virginia "	91	91½
Ind State 5 pr ct	92	—
Cal State 7 pr ct new bonds	91½	92
N Y City 1872-5	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	127	130
Philadelphia	140	—
Far & Mec	50	—
Commercial	—	47½
N Liberty	62	—
Mechanics	27½	—
Southwark	30	—
P Township	36	—
Kensington	—	68
Girard	—	44
Western	—	60
Man & Mec	24	26
Commerce	—	50
Tradesman's	621	—
City	132	—
Consolidation	21	23
Commonwealth	40	—
Corn Exchange	27	27½
Union bk	23	25
Germantown	—	58
Pittsburg, Pitt'bg Exchange	68	—
Kentucky, Ky	—	56
Northern "	95	—
Louisville "	125	—
Farmers "	112	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	120	—
Planters "	—	80
N O Gas Light	—	99
Com & R R Bank, Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas Light Co	20	25½
Lehigh Zinc	1	—
New Creek	½	1
New Grenada	—	3
N America Ins'co	17	20
N Liberties Gas	—	20½
Southwark and Frankford R R Bonds	—	42½
	99	—
All bks	—	dis
LOUISIANA.		
Solv bks	2½	dis
OHIO.		
Solv bks	3	dis
KENTUCKY.		
Solv bks	2	dis
INDIANA.		
State Bank	2	dis
ILLINOIS.		
Solv bks	10	dis
MISSOURI.		
Solv bks	10	dis
TENNESSEE.		
Old bks	5	dis
MICHIGAN.		
Solv bks	5	dis
WISCONSIN.		
Solv bks	10	dis
TEXAS.		
Commercial and Agricultural Bank, Galveston	—	dis
IOWA.		
State bk	10	dis
KANSAS.		
Kansas Valley bk	10	dis
MINNESOTA.		
Bank St Paul	10	dis
CANADA.		
Solv bks	1	dis
FLORIDA.		
State bk	—	dis
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Pennsylvania RR 1st mort bonds	—	100
2nd "	—	90
stock	35½	36
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1864	—	—
stock	110	111½
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	96	96
mort 6's '44	—	91½
" '33	76	74½
stock	15½	16
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	88	92
stock	55	58
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	31½	—
6 pr ct loan, '60	90	—
Ches Val R R '78	—	41
Tioga R R '76	—	35
Wilm'e & Elmira 7's 1st mort	73½	75
2nd "	17	18½
stock	5	7
Catawissa	—	14
Beaver Meadow stock	54	57
preferred 10 pr ct	56	—
North Penn'a R R stock	7	8½
6 pr ct loan	68	69
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock, div'd off	46	47
6 pr ct loan	97	102
Minehill R R	56	57
Har & Lan R R stock	49½	50
bonds '69	90	—
L. Schuylkill R R stock	10	—
Long Island R R stock	9	10
bonds	83	85
Erie R R stock	31½	—
Hudson River R R	—	—
N Y Central	78½	—
Michigan Central	—	—
Illinois	86½	87
Michigan Southern	17½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '82	69	70
Imp. 6 pr ct stock	80	—
preferred	—	34
Lehigh Nav stock	43	44
mort 6 pr ct	101	101½
scrip	28	29½
Morris Consol'd	53	56½
preferred	105	—
Ches & Del bonds	46	—
Union "	—	50
bonds	10	20
Sus & Tidewater bonds, 1878	2	4
	—	27

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, December 8, 1860.

PENNSYLVANIA.
Solv bks par to 2 dis
NEW JERSEY.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis
DELAWARE.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis
MARYLAND.
Baltimore par to 2 dis
Solv bks 3 dis
NEW YORK.
Solv bks par to — dis
MAINE.
Solv bks par
NEW HAMPSHIRE.
Solv bks par
VERMONT.
Solv bks par
CONNECTICUT.
Solv bks par
MASSACHUSETTS.
Solv bks par
RHODE ISLAND.
Solv bks par
VIRGINIA.
Solv bks 5 dis
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.
Solv bks 3 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.
Solv bks — dis
GEORGIA.
Solv bks — dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.
Solv bks — dis
ALABAMA.
Solv bks — dis
MISSISSIPPI.
All bks — dis
LOUISIANA.
Solv bks 2½ dis
OHIO.
Solv bks 3 dis
KENTUCKY.
Solv bks 2 dis
INDIANA.
State Bank 2 dis
ILLINOIS.
Solv bks 10 dis
MISSOURI.
Solv bks 10 dis
TENNESSEE.
Old bks 5 dis
MICHIGAN.
Solv bks 5 dis
WISCONSIN.
Solv bks 10 dis
TEXAS.
Commercial and Agricultural Bank, Galveston — dis
IOWA.
State bk 10 dis
KANSAS.
Kansas Valley bk 10 dis
MINNESOTA.
Bank St Paul 10 dis
CANADA.
Solv bks 1 dis
FLORIDA.
State bk — dis

THE whole of Paris is horrified by the details of the discovery of the body of a girl of fourteen, under the altar of the parish church of the village of Boulogne, just in the outskirts of Paris. The girl is said to have been indescribably beautiful. She was missed about three years ago. She had gone to confession, and from that hour she was lost. The emotion created by this discovery is tremendous.

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100,000 FOR 1861.

☞ ELEGANT PREMIUMS TO GETTERS-UP OF CLUBS ☜

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE

FOR 1861! VOLS. XVII. AND XVIII.

EDITED BY T. S. ARTHUR AND VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

Devoted to Social Literature, Art, Morals, Health, and Domestic Happiness

CONTENTS OF JANUARY NUMBER.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Morning Bath. (Steel Engraving.) May's Happy New Year. (Steel Engraving.) Lesson on the Flageolet. Embroidery. Evening, or Party Dress. Dinner Dress. Winter Overboot. Coral Shell Stand for Chimney-piece Ornament.

LITERARY CONTENTS.

Carrying Home the Sheaves. By Emma Passmore.
My Jewels. By Mabel St. Clair.
Ninette Campbell's Dream. By Mrs. Harriet E. Francis.
The Seen and the Unseen.
Nothing but Money. By T. S. Arthur. Chapters I., II. and III.
Evangeline. By Mrs. Almena C. S. Allard.
Molly Simms. By Elizabeth.
Woman. By O. S. Baker.
Blue and Gold. By J. Starr Holloway.
Invocation. By Mrs. C. Maria Landon.
Imagination. By H. R. C.
Elizabeth, Daughter of Rev. Rufus Palmer. By Virginia F. Townsend.
Our Mothers. By Mrs. Sarah Hepburn Hayes.
Res Primæ! By Wm. M. Briggs.
Making the Most of Our Opportunities. By Paul Laurie.
Happy Homes.
Lay Sermons: Down in the Valley. By T. S. Arthur.
Mother's Department: Early Discipline. By M. D. R. B.—A Wayward Child. By T. S. Arthur.
Health Department: Suggestions on Health. No. IV. By Hattie Hopeful.
Boys' and Girls' Treasury: Mary's Happy New Year. By Virginia F. Townsend—Elsie James's Birthday Party. By Mrs. Harriet E. Francis.
Hints for Housekeepers: Snow Cakes—Blowing out a Candle—Cider Cake—Indian Toast—Boiled Indian Meal Pudding—Balloon Pudding—How to Bake Squash—Different Kinds of Bread.
Toilet and Work Table: Dinner Dress—Evening Party Dress—Coral Shell Stand for Chimney-Piece Ornament—Winter Overboots.
New Publications.
Strength of," By Virginia F. Townsend—January—First Babies—A Beautiful Poem—Tuning on the Flageolet—Go and do Likewise—Only the Good and the True abide—"He Knew the Scriptures from his Youth."

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We offer two elegant and attractive steel engravings, as premiums to *all who make up Clubs.* One of them is called "SEVENTY-SIX," and is 16 inches by 23; the other "HE KNEW THE SCRIPTURES FROM HIS YOUTH," 14 inches by 20. They are first-class engravings as to execution, and will make handsome ornaments for any parlor. The publisher's price for these plates is $1,50 each.

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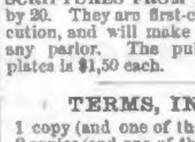

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UNDER THE CONTINENTAL.

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Another Double Colored Mammoth Fashion Plate.

A TRIUMPH.

ANOTHER THREE STEEL PLATE NUMBER.

GODEY FOR JANUARY, 1861.

THE THIRTY-FIRST YEAR.

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OUR JUSTLY CELEBRATED FASHION PLATES.

We hardly deem it necessary to say that this plate is superior in coloring to any that we have heretofore published. The fact speaks for itself; but we must ask attention to it. Here is the same kind of coloring that is put upon the finest plates that are colored for framing, and from our new process we are enabled to bring them out, double size as they are, with much greater rapidity than we could the common sized plates. Our subscribers are also advantaged by this; the fashions are brought down to a much later period. We are still improving, and we can promise future fashions to be even better than this. Here also are six fashions, four more than are given by other magazines.

Top of Stool. A Tiger, printed in six colors. A very elaborate work.

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☞ PARENTS AND GUARDIANS ☜

Who wish their Sons, Daughters, or Wards in a good Institution, located in a healthy region, should send for a Prospectus of Coatesville Seminary. Sent free, on application to
JAMES E. GIFFIN, A. M., Principal,
nov24-6t Coatesville, Chester Co., Pa.

LOOK HERE!—I will send instructions that will force the Beard to grow on the smoothest face in three weeks, for 3 cents.
Address J. F. JAGGERS,
1t Calhoun, Illinois.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE AMALGAMATION OF LANGUAGES.—There is a growing tendency in this age to appropriate the most expressive words of other languages, and after a while to incorporate them into our own; thus the word Cephalic, which is from the Greek, signifying "for the head," is now becoming popularized in connection with Mr. Spalding's great Headache remedy, but it will soon be used in a more general way, and the word Cephalic will become as common as Electrotype and many others whose distinction as foreign words has been worn away by common usage until they seem "native and to the manor born."

'ardly Realized.

Hi 'ad 'n 'orrible 'eadache this hafternoon, hand I stepped into the hapothecaries, hand says hi to the man, "Can you hease me of an 'eadache?" "Does it hache 'ard," says 'e. "Hexceedingly," says hi, hand upon that 'e gave me a Cephalic Pill, hand 'pon me 'onor it cured me so quick that I 'ardly realized I 'ad 'ad an 'eadache.

☞ HEADACHE is the favorite sign by which nature makes known any deviation whatever from the natural state of the brain, and viewed in this light it may be looked on as a safeguard intended to give notice of disease which might otherwise escape attention, till too late to be remedied: and its indications should never be neglected. Headaches may be classified under two names, viz.: Symptomatic and Idiopathic. Symptomatic Headache is exceedingly common, and is the precursor of a great variety of diseases, among which are Apoplexy, Gout, Rheumatism and all febrile diseases. In its nervous form it is sympathetic of disease of the stomach constituting *Sick Headache,* of hepatic disease, constituting *Bilious Headache,* of worms, constipation and other disorders of the bowels, as well as renal and uterine affections. Diseases of the heart are very frequently attended with Headaches; Anæmia and plethora are also affections which frequently occasion headache. Idiopathic Headache is also very common, being usually distinguished by the name of *Nervous Headache,* sometimes coming on suddenly in a state of apparently sound health, and prostrating at once the mental and physical energies, and in other instances it comes on slowly, heralded by depression of spirits or acerbity of temper. In most instances the pain is in the front of the head, over one or both eyes, and sometimes provoking vomiting; under this class may also be named *Neuralgia.*

For the treatment of either class of Headache the Cephalic Pills have been found a sure and safe remedy, relieving the most acute pains in a few minutes, and by its subtle power eradicating the diseases of which Headache is the unerring index.

BRIDGET.—Missus wants you to send her a box of Cephalic Glue, no, a bottle of Prepared Pills—but I'm thinking that's not just it naither; but perhaps ye'll be afther knowing what it is. Ye see she's nigh dead and gone with the Sick Headache, and wants some more of that same as relaired her before.

Druggist.—You must mean Spalding's Cephalic Pills.

Bridget.—Och! sure now and you've sed it, here's the quarter and giv me the Pills and don't be all day about it aither.

Constipation or Costiveness.

No one of the "many ills flesh is heir to" is so prevalent, so little understood, and so much neglected as Costiveness. Often originating in carelessness, or sedentary habits; it is regarded as a slight disorder of too little consequence to excite anxiety, while in reality it is the precursor and companion of many of the most fatal and dangerous diseases, and unless early eradicated it will bring the sufferer to an untimely grave.—Among the lighter evils of which Costiveness is the usual attendant, are Headache, Colic, Rheumatism, Foul Breath, Piles, and others of like nature, while a long train of frightful diseases, such as Malignant Fevers, Abscesses, Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Dyspepsia, Apoplexy, Epilepsy, Paralysis, Hysteria, Hypochondriasis, Melancholy and Insanity, first indicate their presence in the system by this alarming symptom. Not unfrequently the diseases named originate in Constipation, but take on an independent existence unless the cause is eradicated in an early stage. From all these considerations it follows that the disorder should receive immediate attention whenever it occurs, and no person should neglect to get a box of Cephalic Pills on the first appearance of the complaint, as their timely use will expel the insidious approaches of disease and destroy this dangerous foe to human life.

A Real Blessing.

Physician—Well, Mrs. Jones, how is that headache?

Mrs. Jones—Gone! Doctor, all gone! the pill you sent cured me in just twenty minutes, and I wish you would send more, so that I can have them handy.

Physician—You can get them at any Druggist's. Call for Cephalic Pills. I find they never fail, and I recommend them in all cases of Headache.

Mrs. Jones—I shall send for a box directly, and shall tell all my suffering friends, for they are a *real blessing.*

FACT WORTH KNOWING.—Spalding's Cephalic Pills are a certain cure for Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Nervous Headache, Costiveness and General Debility.

CEPHALIC PILLS.

CURE SICK HEADACHE!

CEPHALIC PILLS.

CURE NERVOUS HEADACHE!

CEPHALIC PILLS,

CURE ALL KINDS OF HEADACHE!

By the use of these Pills the periodic attacks of *Nervous or Sick Headache* may be prevented; and if taken at the commencement of an attack immediate relief from pain and sickness will be obtained.

They seldom fail in removing the *Nausea* and *Headache* to which females are so subject.

They act gently upon the bowels,—removing *Costiveness.*

For *Literary Men, Students,* Delicate Females, and all persons of *sedentary habits,* they are valuable as a *Laxative,* improving the *appetite,* giving *tone* and *vigor* to the digestive organs, and restoring the natural elasticity and strength of the whole system.

The CEPHALIC PILLS are the result of long investigation and carefully conducted experiments, having been in use many years, during which time they have prevented and relieved a vast amount of pain and suffering from Headache, whether originating in the *nervous* system or from a deranged state of the *stomach.*

They are entirely vegetable in their composition, and may be taken at all times with perfect safety, without making any change of diet, and *the absence of any disagreeable taste renders it easy to administer them to children.*

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nov3-8t Lowell, Mass.

"WHY STAND YE ALL THE DAY IDLE?"

ANY PERSON (Lady or G

Wit and Humor.

CONTEMPT OF COURT.—Judge M'Karg, who was more distinguished for his appreciation of the importance which his judicial position gave him, and the high respect that should be accorded to all his opinions as announced from the bench, than for a clear conception of legal principles, or the rules of practice in the court over which he presided, was, one day, during the investigation of a criminal cause, startled by the temerity of the Attorney General, who excepted to the ruling of the court upon a point of law that arose during the investigation of the cause. With increased dignity of tone and manner, he asked:

"Mr. Attorney General, is the court to understand you as taking exception to its ruling upon a point of law, sir?"

"Certainly, if your Honor please," said the Attorney General.

"Mr. Clerk," said his Honor, with an air of offended dignity, "fine the Attorney General ten dollars. This court must and shall be respected."

A STRONG CASE.—At a recent term of the Supreme Court in Bangor, the case of Newcomb vs. inhabitants of Newburg, for damages for alleged defect in the highway, came up for trial, when the defendants put in the following specifications of defence:

1. No such town as Newburg;
2. No such man as Newcomb;
3. No road;
4. No hole in the road;
5. No horse ever injured;
6. Horse injured did not belong to plaintiff;
7. Plaintiff's finger not hurt;
8. Plaintiff's finger injured two years before;
9. Plaintiff injured his own finger by pounding it with a rock two years previous to the alleged cause of action against town, in anticipation of and preparation for the same.

It is quite unnecessary to add that the verdict was for defendants.

HIGHLAND HAYMAKING.—Rory More McKerrell was a bit of a wag, and altogether a screw in the charging department. He was landlord of the Argyle Hotel, Inverary, and once upon a time he was bickering with an Englishman in the lobby of the inn regarding the bill. The stranger said it was a gross imposition,—he could live cheaper in the best hotel in London; to which Rory, with unwonted *nonchalance*, replied:

"Oh, nae doot, sir; nae doot, ava. But do you ken the reason?"

"No, not a bit of it," said the stranger, hastily.

"Weel, then," replied the host, "as ye seem to be a gay, sensible callant, I'll tell ye. There's three hundred and sixty-five days in the London hotel-keeper's calendar, but we have only three months in ours. Do ye understand me noo, frien'? We maun make hay in the Highlands when the sun shines, for it's unco' seldom she dis't."

HOW I WAS MADE AN M. D.—During two weeks last spring, I and another clerk of "our house," were engaged in getting orders for muslin goods in Boston. We put up at one of the best hotels, and succeeded in doing a large amount of business. On the third morning of our stay at the hotel, I was carelesaly turning over the leaves of the book in which we had entered our names, and on glancing at my name, found the letters M. D. attached to it. I instantly recognized the handwriting as being that of my fellow-worker, Andy B——. "How's this?" said I, on meeting him; "I didn't know that I was a medical doctor?" "Nobody said you were," answered he; "but you're a *muslin disposer*, ain't you?" A light broke over me, and I felt inclined to break something over him; but he made for the door and got away.

HORRIBLE.—We learn that a member of the editorial corps of one of our New Orleans cotemporaries recently had a narrow escape with his life, from the indignation excited in the office to which he belongs, by the following atrocious outrage upon—upon—well, a pun—let that suffice.

"Why couldn't Bomba reign?"

"Answer—Because he wouldn't *do*."

"Explanation—If he wouldn't even *deu*, how could he be expected to *rain*?"

No wonder that the New Orleans press is silent upon the subject of this outrage perpetrated in that city. Our information is such, however, as to lead us to believe that the facts, as above stated, are substantially true. We suppress the name of the offending party (who is of a very respectable family), out of regard for the feelings of his friends.

THE SALESMAN'S BLUNDER.—The Lockport Courier says a lady and gentleman called, a few days since, into a fashionable hat and fur store in that village, to make some purchases. The lady was talkative, and purchased one or two articles. When the twain were about to take their leave, the accommodating salesman (the proprietor of the establishment) asked the lady, who had done the talking and paid the bill, if she would not purchase one or more of his tasteful hats for the boys. The lady, assuming the dignity of Queen Elizabeth, said—"I have only been married about twenty minutes. I have no boys yet." The salesman was speechless; he had not another word to say.

DISADVANTAGE OF BEING WHITE.—"Well, Dinah," said a would-be belle, to a black girl, "they say beauty soon fades; do you see any of my bloom fading? Now, tell me plainly, without any compliments."

"Oh, no, Missa; but den me kinder t'ink—"

"Think what, Dinah? you're bashful."

"Oh, no, me no bashful; but den—but den me kinder t'inks as how Missa don't retain her color quite as well as colored lady."

VERY BAD BUT VERY GOOD.—A party of negroes in Ithaca, New York, recently decided to have a ball. It took place about six miles out of the city, and they engaged a splendid six horse team to take them to the spot. The owner of the team, a well known white livery-stable keeper of Ithaca, not wishing to entrust his team to the care of anyone else, resolved to drive it himself. After the ball was opened, one of the darky managers politely invited the gentleman to go in as a spectator if he pleased, and he did so. After awhile, the negroes becoming aroused by the dance, the odor of the room became slightly objectionable. As the ball progressed, the aroma became stronger and stronger until he concluded to leave. Just at that moment he saw a number of darkies in consultation, and one of them approached him with much politeness, and informed him that the ladies requested that he should leave the room. The darkey stated that he regretted to make the request, but that the ladies insisted, because they said—*he smelt too much of the stable!*

A FAST MUSICIAN.—William Mason was some time since giving a concert in Newark; there was in one of the front seats a white-haired, respectable looking old gentleman. Mason had just finished a magnificent duett for two pianos, with one of his pupils, young James Brown. "Well, says the old gent, "that Brown must be a mighty fine player; for they say that Mason is the best in the country, and there they played a long piece—as much as twenty pages—and Brown didn't come out hardly a second behind. If he can keep up that close, he'll beat soon."

☞ A military officer, who most cordially detested the halberds, used as a substitute for flogging, to expose delinquents on parade with a large iron bombshell attached to one of their legs. One day, when several men were undergoing this punishment, a sailor, who by chance had strolled near, called out to his companions, "My eyes, shipmates! only look here! I'm blest if here isn't a soger at anchor!"

☞ Gentleman: Is Mrs. N. in?

Servant: No, sir; she's not at home.

Gentleman: Well, I am sorry, as I owe her some money and have called to pay it.

Voice from over the balustrades: Oh! I am in. To be sure I am! Why, Sally, didn't you know that? Ask the gentleman to walk in!

INGRATITUDE TO PARENTS.

There is a proverb that "a father can more easily maintain six children, than six children one father." Luther relates this story:—There was once a father who gave up everything to his children—his house, his fields, and goods—and expected for this his children would support him. But after he had been some time with his son, the latter grew tired of him, and said to him, "Father, I have had a son born to me this night, and there, where your arm-chair stands, the cradle must come; will you not, perhaps, go to my brother, who has a large room?" After he had been some time with the second son, he also grew tired of him, and said, "Father, you like a warm room, and that hurts my head. Won't you go to my brother, the baker?" The father went, and after he had been some time with the third son, he also found him troublesome, and said to him, "Father, the people run in and out here all day, as if it were a pigeon-house, and you cannot have your noon-day sleep; would you not be better off at my sister Kate's, near the town wall?" The old man remarked to himself how the wind blew, and said to himself, "Yes, I will do so; I will go and try it with my daughter. Women have softer hearts." But after he had spent some time with his daughter, she grew weary of him, and said she was always so fearful, when her father went to church or anywhere else, and was obliged to descend the steep stairs; and at her sister Elizabeth's there were no stairs to descend, as she lived on the ground floor. For the sake of peace the old man assented, and went to his other daughter. But after some time, she, too, was tired of him, and told him, by a third person, that her house near the water was too damp for a man who suffered with gout, and her sister, the grave-digger's wife, at St. John's, had much drier lodgings. The old man himself thought she was right, and went outside the gate to his youngest daughter, Helen. But after he had been three days with her, her little son said to his grandfather, "Mother said yesterday to cousin Elizabeth that there was no better chamber for you than such a one as father digs." These words broke the old man's heart, so that he sank back in his chair and died.

THE LATE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—There is a strange belief abroad that the Duke cared little for the comforts of the soldier in barracks, or his rational and healthy recreations when off duty. This is a great mistake. It was under his Grace's *regime* that the most important improvement ever made in the soldier's condition as the inhabitant of a barrack was introduced. Till his Grace became commander-in-chief, each bed in a barrack room contained two soldiers; and in many barracks the beds were arranged, like berths on board of ship, in two tiers. The Duke did away with these practices, and gave every soldier his own bed; besides which, from the bed next to it, a certain space was ordered to be kept clear. His Grace was at the head of the army also when ball courts were established, and cricket-grounds prepared at large military stations. To every suggestion that was offered for improving the ventilation, as well as for affording facilities to improved cooking, and the means of cleanliness in the men's rooms, he gave prompt and favorable attention. He believed, indeed, that in this, as in other matters, ideas in themselves good might be carried too far; and that there was some danger both of overtaking the liberality of Parliament and of spoiling the soldier, by first creating for him, and then supplying, wants which before enlistment he had never felt.—*Globe.*

SCENE IN ENGLISH RAILWAY CAR.

PERT YOUNG PASSENGER (*to portly Farmer*).—"Now, I imagine you consume a precious lot of that—What's-his-Name's—Wodenley's Food for Cattle! That is—ha! ha!—of course—don't misunderstand me—he! he!—I mean your cows and horses and things—ha! ha!"

[Agriculturist grunts, and does not appear to see the joke.

"A RESPECTABLE BABY."—Precisely that! We find the expression in the advertising columns of a city paper. A woman gives notice that she is willing to take a respectable baby to nurse. There are babies, then, that are not respectable. Poor little things! not worthy of respect—not to be respected. We have heard of people who were born with gold spoons in their mouths; we have seen babies who, from their first breath, were surrounded with every luxury; and we have seen those, also, who were born without any spoon at all in their mouths, nor any worldly goods to speak of, but it never struck us before that any sort of babies were as disreputable as we see that they must be, from this advertisement.

Agricultural.

FATTENING SHEEP.

Our esteemed correspondent, John Johnston, who has had much experience in fattening sheep, informed us some years ago, that the common fine-wooled sheep of the country were the most profitable he could buy for fattening in winter. He now advocates fattening larger sheep, stating that they will fatten more easily than the smaller sheep. In this he is unquestionably correct, and it follows that the larger sheep are the most profitable, provided that they can be purchased at the same price per pound in the fall.

For fattening, then, select the largest and thriftiest sheep that can be obtained at a proportional cost. The fatter they are to commence with the better; for this fat has been put on at a less cost than it can be done during the winter on hay and grain.

For fattening sheep in winter there is nothing equal to good *clover hay*. We have known sheep to increase over 2 lbs. per week on clover hay alone for four months. They were Southdowns, and eat about 3 lbs. each per day. A little grain or oil-cake can be fed with profit—if the increased value of the manure is taken into consideration. Corn is nearly, if not quite, as fattening as peas or oil-cake, but the manure is by no means as valuable. The manure from a ton of Indian corn is worth, according to the highest English authority, $6,05, while from a ton of peas it is worth $13,38, and from a ton of oil-cake $19,72. Barley and oats are about equal to corn in this respect. The crop of oats this year is unusually heavy, and they will doubtless be cheap. We need not say that they are excellent for sheep.

Sheep will bear pretty close confinement. We have seen them fattened in England in pens where there was little more room than was necessary for them to lie down comfortably. They were placed on narrow boards, say two or three inches wide, with an inch between each board for the droppings to pass through. The pens were thatched to keep off the rain, and were closed up on three sides. We have never seen healthier sheep. They were quiet, warm, clean, and comfortable, and fattened rapidly. Sheep must have *dry* quarters. Nothing is so injurious as wet. It is an old remark, that "sheep do better on roast meat than boiled;" and it is equally true that they will do better in even cold quarters, if dry, than warm ones if wet. Cows will lie down on a warm, fermenting dung-hill, sheep never, if they can find a warm, dry spot.

Another point must not be forgotten. Sheep are timid animals. No man should have anything to do with them who is not a gentleman. A dog is an especial nuisance.

It is a great mistake to suppose that sheep will thrive without water. When the celebrated Rothamstead experiments were in progress, it was found that sheep having clover hay, drank large quantities of water, and a famous sheep breeder who came to see them, expressed the idea that they drank more than was good for them. To test the question, the quantity of water was restricted to what he thought the proper amount; but on weighing the sheep at the end of the week as usual, it was found, if we recollect right, that every sheep had lost weight—at least the scales indicated that they had not done as well as usual, and for the future they were allowed all they would drink.

Regularity in feeding; quiet, warm, dry, well ventilated, clean quarters; access to fresh water; a little salt, (we think,) and plenty of nutritious food, are the essentials of successful sheep-breeding.

As to the quantity of grain it will pay to feed sheep, we think more than half to three-quarters of a pound per head per day is rarely fed to advantage, unless they are very large sheep. The English farmers usually allow a pound of oil-cake per head, per day, to sheep weighing 100 to 140 lbs. This is high feeding. We believe it is better to give only a little at first, and increase the quantity after a while, especially in very cold weather. It must be borne in mind, that a certain quantity of food is necessary to keep the sheep in its natural condition—to keep it from losing weight; and that it is the excess of food over this point that enables the animal to put on fat. *This is an argument in favor of high feeding*; but it must not run to extremes. It is easy to feed so high, that every pound of fat shall cost us double what we get for it. We seldom err, however, in this direction.

It is more common to feed too little grain than too much. It would be well for most farmers to make a rule never to sell corn or oats off the farm. This has been John Johnston's rule, and it is one secret of his success. —*Genesee Farmer.*

COTTON SEED AS FOOD FOR COWS.

We find the following article upon this subject in the *Southern Rural Gentleman*:—

Assume fourteen hundred pounds, field weight, as making a bale averaging four hundred pounds; this gives about one thousand pounds for seed, which, when decorticated (hulled), will leave about five hundred pounds of the kernel; thus a hundred bale crop gives fifty thousand pounds of the clean kernel.—Keep this in view.

Dr. S. Mosher, one of the founders of the Cincinnati Agricultural Society, writes in the Cincinnati Daily Commercial, from the Latonia Springs, Kentucky, Sept. 15th, 1860, that his pastures had dried up, cows failing in milk, and he concluded to test the meal from cotton seed cake, ground, and after trying five weeks with cows on same pasture, he found quantity had held out, having increased from the day of feeding, with richest and most delicious cream, and the cattle had improved in flesh. He adds, to use his own language: "It is one of the most valuable articles, for the feeding of stock, especially milk cows, with which I am acquainted." A writer in the Missouri Democrat says:—"Compared with corn, experienced feeders, both in the old country and this, agree that one pound of oil cake is equal to three pounds of corn in nutritious qualities."

Again, "Oil cake, at $30 per ton, is as cheap for feeding, as corn at $10 per ton, or 25 cents per bushel." Now let us return.—We have fifty thousand pounds of kernel from an hundred bale crop. We learn that twenty-two hundred pounds of kernel yields 96 4-5 gallons of oil, and fifteen hundred and forty pounds of cake, thus we get two thousand gallons of oil and thirty-three thousand pounds of cake—the cake is equal to three times as much corn, or one hundred thousand pounds, and corn at fifty pounds to the bushel is equal to seventeen hundred bushels of corn, but if equal to $10 per ton, will be worth $1,500. But the oil is equal to nineteen hundred and twenty gallons of oil, which must be about as good for feed as one half the cake, and thus we approximate the crop of one hundred bales to equal, as food for cattle, to a crop of corn of over two thousand bushels.

We ask a careful consideration, and earnestly beg some one who has the means of investigation, to carry this on, and reduce to facts and figures. We deplore the loss to the South of so much, and much more to sell seed at $8 per ton, or twelve cents per bushel.

SHADE TREES IN PASTURES.—Upon the subject—"Should shade trees be allowed in pasture fields?" there may be, perhaps, two opinions, but the one most generally held is against shade, unless it is in the immediate vicinity of water.

The most important object to be attained in grazing, next to good and plentiful grass, is that the cattle shall be free from any disturbance whatever, and that they shall take as little exercise as possible. In the first place, then, if the shade trees are at any distance from the water, the cattle will collect under them, and in hot weather will often stand there until their drinking time arrives, and then run in a body to the water, where they will push and fight for the first drink, and then run back again to the shade. I have seen them do this often. Then, again, one of the greatest enemies to fat cattle is the biting-fly, which loves the shade as well as the cattle, and when the latter are huddled together under the shade, they suffer a great deal more annoyance and worrying than they do out in the open field. I have seen bullocks smart enough to leave the shade, and stand out in the sun all day, and they seemed to thrive better by it. If, however, a man has a stream running through his field, where the cattle can stand over their knees in water, let him by all means have abundant shade on the banks. His cattle can then stand, their legs protected, and whisk the water over their backs with their tails, and bid defiance to the flies.—R. W. DOWNMAN, *in American Farmer.*

SHOULD SEED WHEAT BE BROUGHT FROM THE SOUTH OR NORTH?—I perceive that the mooted question of "Whether wheat for early ripening should be brought from the North or South," is yet unsettled.

Near the city of Edinburgh, in Scotland, is a tract of land cultivated by intelligent, scientific farmers. These practical men, every two or three years, import their seed wheat from the London market, three or four hundred miles south of them, and it pays well, as they gain two weeks or more in that cool, dripping climate—where I recollect the papers stating, one wet season, they had not been able to gather their oats yet in December.

For corn, the very reverse of this should be the rule. If it is important to have corn to ripen early, bring it from the North, where it must mature early or be caught by the frosts. I have raised corn, Gourd seed, from the rich Miami bottoms, near Cincinnati; it grew large and very promising, but its habit of late ripening exposed it to frost in the last of September, and but few sound ears could be found in a ten-acre field.—*Ohio Correspondent of Genesee Farmer.*

Useful Receipts.

TO CURE THE SICK HEADACHE.—*Two teaspoonsful of finely powdered charcoal, drank* in a half tumbler of water, will often give relief to the sick headache, when caused, as in most cases it is, by superabundance of acid on the stomach.

ZINC PREVENTING IRON-RUST.—A Belgian named Stiphen, of Ghent, has made a discovery which may be of some utility. It is that the rusting of nails, employed to fasten the branches of fruit trees to walls, can be prevented by knocking into the wall, at the same time with the nail, a small piece of zinc. In giving, a few days ago, an account of the discovery to the Agricultural Society of Ghent, M. Stiphen produced nails which had been eight years in walls, in contact with a piece of zinc, and which were not at all rusty.

TO CLEAN RIBBONS.—I will give you a recipe which I have tried and know to be good. Take 1 tablespoonful of brandy; 1 do. of soft soap; 1 do. of molasses—mix thoroughly together, place your ribbon upon a smooth board and apply your liquid with a soft brush, after which rinse in cold rain water; then roll up in a cloth until nearly dry; iron with a flat not too hot. If you will only try it, you will find your ribbons as bright as new.—*Rural New Yorker.*

A VARNISH FOR IRON WORK.—To make a good black varnish for iron work, take 8 lbs. of asphaltum and fuse in it an iron kettle, then add 5 gallons of boiled linseed oil, 1 lb. of litharge, ½ lb. of sulphate of zinc (add these slowly or it will fume over,) and boil them for about 3 hours. Now add 1½ lbs. of dark gum-amber and boil for 2 hours longer, or until the mass will become quite thick when cool, after which it should be thinned with turpentine to due consistency.

SOME CHOICE RECEIPTS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HAMLIN CAKE.—1 cup of flour; 1 do. of sugar; 3 eggs; the rind grated and juice of 1 lemon; 1 teaspoonful of soda and 2 cream tar mixed together; use 1 spoonful of the mixture only. Drop this batter in small quantities, apart, and sprinkle with chopped peanuts or shell barks or walnuts.

CANARY PUDDING.—To 1 qt. of milk add 1 stick of cinnamon and the rind of 1 lemon. Have ready 1 pint of fine bread crumbs in a pudding dish, and when the milk boils, pour it over the bread, together with a small lump of butter; when cool enough, add the yolks of 4 well beaten eggs, and bake. When cold, spread over it some jelly or marmalade, (the latter is better,) then the whites well beaten up with 3 tablespoonsful of powdered sugar. Put in the oven again until of a nice brown, and eat it cold.

COLD SLAW.—Yolks of 3 eggs, 1 tablespoonful; 1 small teaspoonful of mustard—a little salt; 2 tablespoonsful of vinegar. If cream is not used, a small lump of butter rubbed in a little flour. Cut the cabbage very fine; heat the mixture, and pour on hot.

☞ When the Parliament began to coin money, an old cavalier, looking at the new pieces, read this on one side:—"God be with us;" on the other, "The Commonwealth of England." "I see God and the Commonwealth are on different sides," said he.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 24 letters.

My 22, 17, 6, 1, is one of the United States Territories.
My 2, 16, 19, 17, is a city in Russia.
My 11, 20, 21, 23, 13, is a city in France.
My 17, 18, 15, 20, is a city in York State.
My 17, 19, 23, 7, 12, 5, 13, 10, 4, is one of the United States.
My 2, 16, 5, 23, 24, 4, is a county in York State.
My 3, 10, 16, 22, is a county in South America.
My 4, 24, 20, 12, 17, is a country in Asia.
My 9, 4, 7, 16, 20, is a county in Virginia.
My 18, 5, 16, 5, 14, 2, 16, 8, is a city in Connecticut.
My 10, 17, 23, 6, is a volcano in Sicily.
My 6, 16, 5, 16, 5, 17, is a mountain in Turkey, in Asia.
My 23, 5, 3, 11, 9, 13, is a city in Europe.
My 18, 4, 10, 5, 17, is a city in Afghanistan.
My 3, 3, 16, 17, 10, 16, is a county in Indiana.

My whole is the name of a book.

Mt. Clemens, Mic. MONTREAL.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 31 letters.

My 1, 30, 28, 15, 11, 19, is a county in California.
My 2, 5, 16, 21, 26, 15, 23, 31, is a mountain in Asia.
My 3, 7, 27, 15, 5, 8, 18, is a State in South America.
My 6, 20, 2, 18, 25, 4, 19, 24, is a lake in the United States.
My 9, 17, 18, 4, is a cape of Africa.
My 12, 17, 31, 31, 13, is a sea in the Eastern continent.
My 14, 26, 8, 18, 19, 4, 15, is one of the United States.
My 22, 18, 19, 31, 1, 13, 28, is a town in England.
My 28, 17, 18, 11, 19, 16, 21, 31, is a river in the United States.
My 29, 21, 1, 2, is a county in Virginia.

My whole is an event in the History of the World. WM. TOLBUT TOTTON.

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

An island in Oceanica.
A mount in Palestine.
A town in Holland.
A lake in British America.
A group of islands in the Mediterranean sea.
A county in Georgia.
A river in Africa.

The initials form the name of a distinguished man, the finals his place of residence.

WM. TOLBUT TOTTEN.

GRAMMATICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am a common noun, composed of five letters in two syllables; may be seen in every dwelling in the United States. By variously transposing and uniting my parts, it will be found that I contain 19 English words, viz.—7 common nouns, 3 proper nouns, 1 article, 1 adverb, 1 preposition, 1 adjective, and 6 verbs.

What am I? When are the words scattered in me? RELTUB."

CHARADE.

My first is sought by maidens fair,
By smokers too, as oft;
'Tis rare to see without my last
A house, or barn, or loft;
My whole, a weapon once in use,
Is justly now in great abuse. J. D.

MENTAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A laborer engaged to work 30 days, on condition that he should have 12 dimes for a day's labor, and pay 2 dimes for every idle day for board; he received as many dollars as he worked days. How many days was he idle?

Auburn, N. Y. THOMAS HENRY.

☞ An answer is requested.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Suppose a rectangular vat, which is 12 feet long, 10 feet wide, 15 feet deep, and half full of water. Suppose a cylindrical tub, made out of 2 inch stuff, 8 feet in diameter, and 5 feet deep, (inside measurement,) be forced down perpendicularly into the water, in the middle of the vat, until the tub is just even with the top of the tub, and fixed there stationary, and then a 3 inch auger hole be made through the centre of the bottom of the tub, the bottom being 2 inches thick.

Required—to find in what length of time the water inside of the tub will be on a level with that outside? ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a certain street in which if the foot of a ladder 47 feet long be placed at a certain point, it will reach a window 33 feet from the ground on one side, and on the other side it will reach one 28 feet high. What is the width of the street.

J. W. HATCHER.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a young lady like a blackberry? Ans.—Because she is painted red when she is green.

☞ What letter should a fond husband say to a stranger about to kiss his wife? Ans.—Letter be!

☞ Of what nation are all stocking-menders? Ans.—Der-nation.

☞ Of what two cities in France are you reminded by seeing a lady in a morning gown, which is very large and drags upon the ground? Ans.—Toulon and Toulouse (too long and too loose.)

☞ SIMPLE, BUT AGRICULTURAL.—Q. What is the best time for sowing tares?—A. When the landlord goes round and collects his *rents*.

☞ Why are good husbands like dough? Ans.—Women need them.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Pike's Peak gold discovery, in Kansas. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—"A good name will shine forever." RIDDLE.—Health. REBUS—Wourali—Infer—Cave—Nile—Laura—Occasion—Wand